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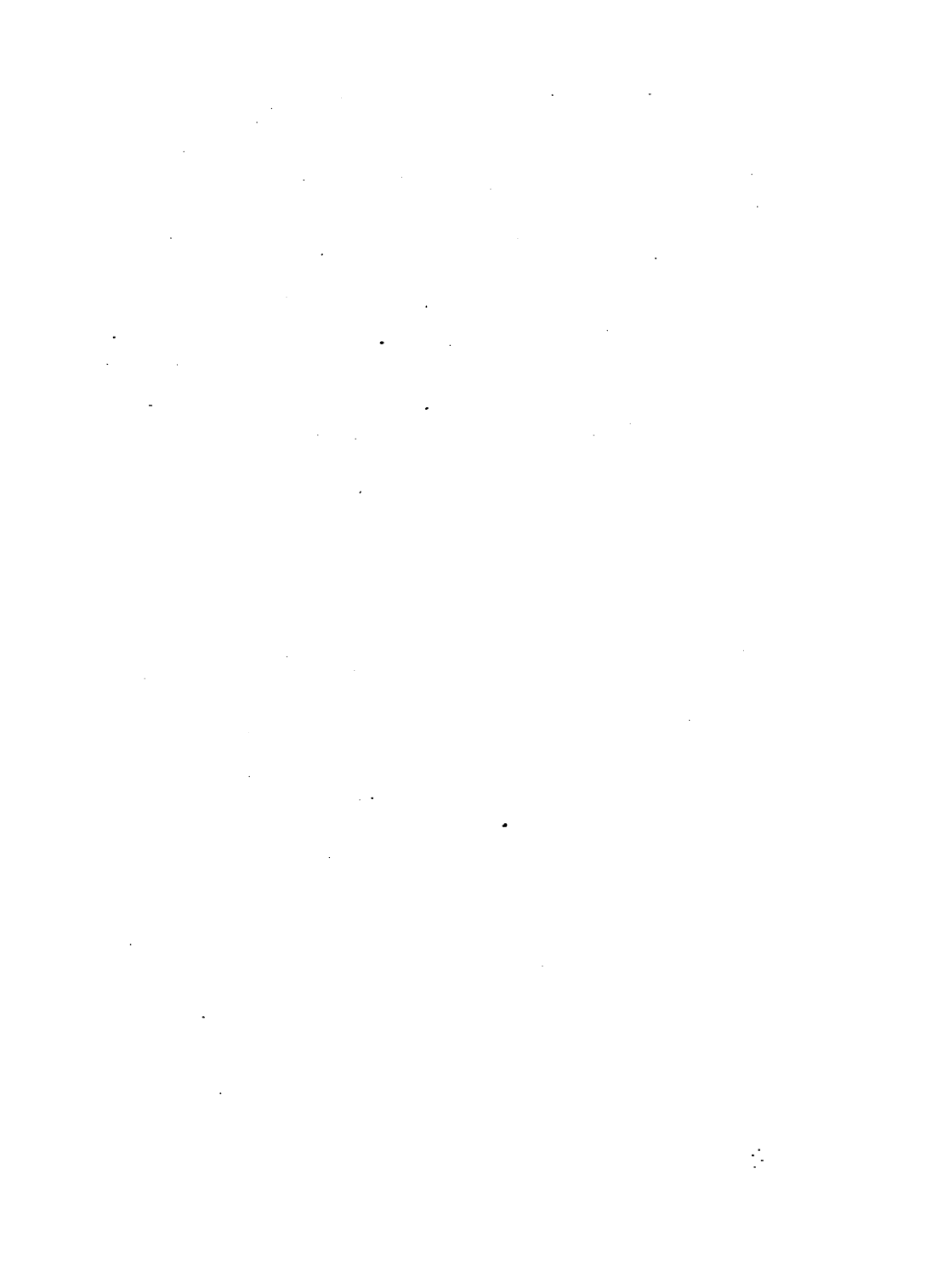
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TRAVELS
IN
EUROPE.

PEARSON.



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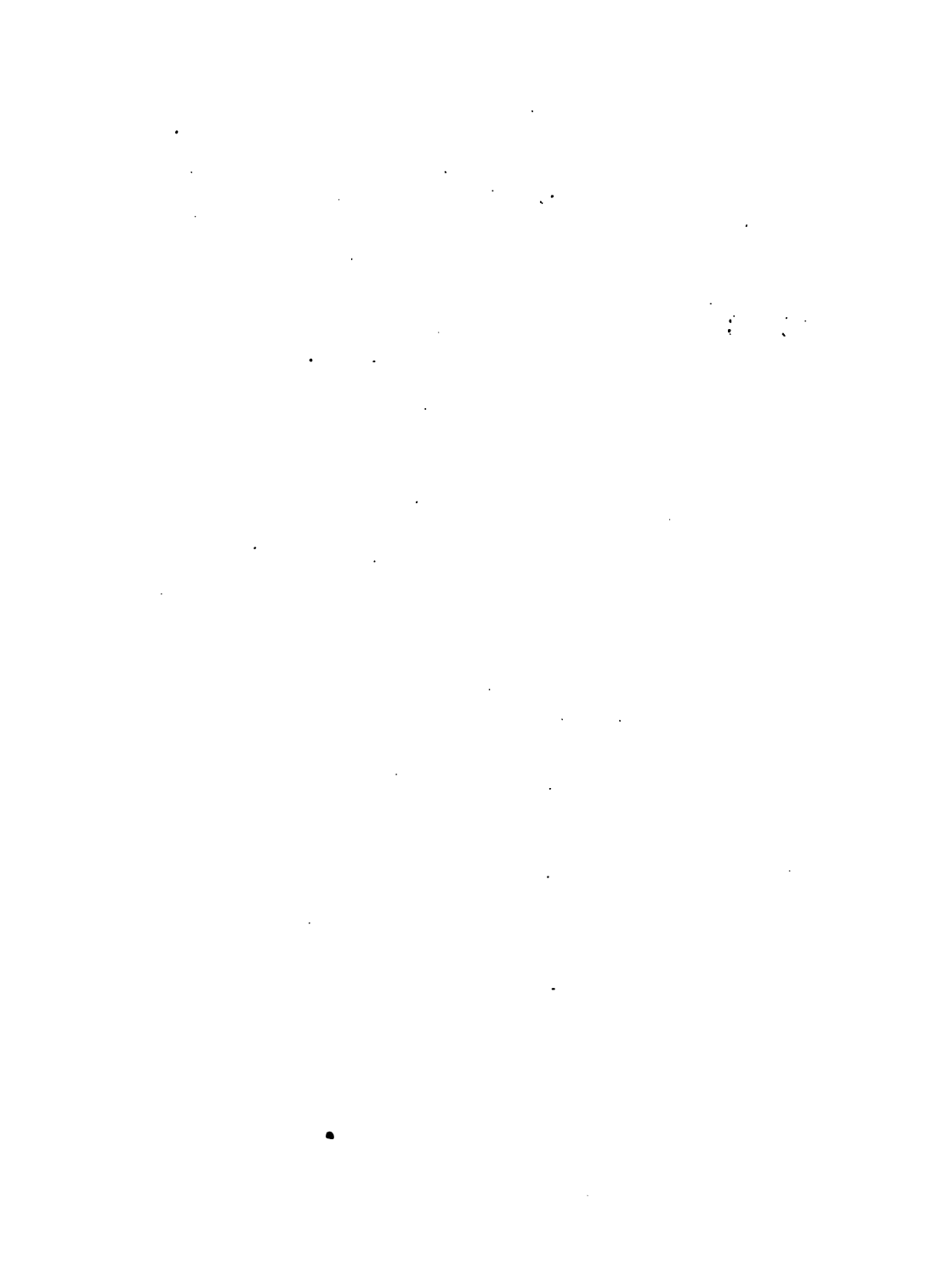
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C. Pearson, M.D.

Page E



L. Pearson, A.R.

A JOURNAL
OF
TRAVELS IN EUROPE
DURING THE
SUMMER OF 1881.

BY
C. PEARSON, M. D.

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*To my Friend, MRS. MINNIE BERRIDGE, of London, as
a token of remembrance for her kindness to the Author while
on a brief visit to that city, this little book is respectfully
dedicated.*



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C. Pearson, M.D.

THE END

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attractive. As we near the banks of Newfoundland we find fog, and the whistle is sounded every few minutes; the day, too, is more like November than June, too cold for comfort on deck; but with overcoats and four meals a day we manage to keep warm. This evening we lost our little dog overboard, whether by accident or not no one could tell, but he was seen to go. Poor little "Spunk," we all felt sorry to lose him.

29.—Cold and uninteresting day, passing the banks of Newfoundland, wind high, and sea much rougher than any day so far during our journey; weather hazy and misty; but few vessels in sight, some small fishing craft that rock and dip with the waves; wonder they do not capsize, and it would seem that some one had, for something that appeared to be the wreck of a boat floated by, but it seemed to have been long deserted. Many are sick, and I wonder all are not, the way they have been eating for four days; our course is nearly due east, and we are now over eleven hundred miles out, having made the following runs: 26th, 273 miles; 27th, 284 miles; 28th, 281 miles; 29th, 287 miles. Time on shipboard is reckoned by bells, and days from 12 o'clock M.

30.—Still cold and disagreeable; one of the sailors says "there's a bit of a sea on." I thought so myself. It had been so long since I had been rocked in a cradle I did not take to it kindly. Then this rocks you endwise, sets you one minute on your feet, then on your head, gives you a few twists, and rolls you over a time or two to be sure you are rocked all over. I asked a professor of music this morning to show me the fellow that wrote "Rocked in the cradle of the deep;" I wanted to kill him; he said he was looking for him himself. There was no storm with-

out particularly, the most of it seemed inside; I thought of what Dr. Valentine said of a similar occasion: "first the ship hove up, then the passengers hove up." Most every one is more or less sick. Many are travelling for their health. A young man from Illinois, who occupies the upper berth in my state-room, is taking a journey for this purpose. He however does not think it healthy, and I feel just now as though it was not so for me to be below him. He is dreadfully sick, of course he is, he has provided himself with all the specifics for sea-sickness; think the only thing that saves him is, he is too sick to get them; he looks like he wanted to go home, don't care much where that is, whether in this world, or some other. I'm not sick; who said I was? A drunken man always thinks it's the other fellow. We are now in mid-ocean where they say these heavy seas are nearly always encountered.

July 1.—Day dark and damp, not a wind storm, but a fine, cold rain, with wind enough to make it disagreeable, though it is slightly warmer and sea not quite so rough, but enough so to suit most of us. Notwithstanding the rough sea, we made the best time yesterday of any day so far, 291 miles. This was owing to having the wind in our favour and the sails up. At 12 M. they report we are half way over, and many of us feel just that way—"half sea's over;" so far as I am concerned the company are saving money, as I have eaten but one cracker for twenty-four hours. If I owned the Ethiopia, or in fact all the steamers of the Anchor Line, it would be a splendid time for some fellow to make his fortune, as I would sell out to-day at a bargain. The vessel rolls as if it were drunk, and I guess we all must be. Still I have no cause to complain, most of the passengers are so much sicker than I am, that

it is quite a comfort; I feel like the deacon when he found it was his neighbor's house, instead of his, that was burning, "Thank God for his mercy."

2.—Another chilly, damp day, as I look out over the wide water I can scarcely realize but that we are *out sight of land* on a western prairie, but there is no stopping to wood or water, no new passengers coming on board or old ones leaving, no calling out the name of the next station, or "twenty minutes for dinner;" we hear the hoarse breathing of the engine, feel the throb of its great iron heart, and the heaving of its bosom; like some huge monster of the deep, it never tires or stops to rest, it has its work to do and it does it well. There is fog again to-day, and the whistle is often heard, but the lookout on the bridge walks his ceaseless rounds, and the pilot at the wheel holds us on our course. A cold rain has been falling nearly all day, but without much adverse wind, so that we have made good time, 304 miles yesterday and 302 to-day.

3.—Another foggy and chilly day, but with fair winds. See a few sailing vessels, but they seem to make slow progress compared with our steamer, for we pass them as a locomotive would a coal cart; but some day our ship too will be just as slow compared with some other craft, that will skim these waves like a bird, and make this journey in five days. We are only prospecting on the shores of science; the great discoveries are still to be made. Distance run to-day 272 miles.

4.—Much the finest day out, but the first Fourth of July when in my recollection heavy under-clothing and overcoats were at all comfortable. At 9 o'clock, on the upper deck,

we threw to the winds the Stars and Stripes, had the Declaration of Independence read, let the eagle scream, and gave three cheers for the red, white, and blue, in which we were joined by the generous Scots. In the afternoon we had dinner, toasts, and music—God Save the Queen, Columbia the Gem of the Ocean, &c. Misty, with slight rain again in the evening. The sun does not set here till 8 o'clock, and when clear it does not get dark till 9, giving only about six hours or less of darkness; rather hard on gas companies, and those who prefer gas to day-light. In twenty hours more we expect to see land, the north coast of Ireland; some of our passengers will there leave us. One old gentleman, a Presbyterian clergyman (and by the way we have a large number of the profession on board, going to attend some meeting in London), tells me he was born near Londonderry, but left there for America when he was *very young*, and that he was returning on a visit, though he supposed but few persons there would know him now. I asked him what age he was when he left the old country, but he appeared reluctant to tell, or pretended not to know, he finally said it was during the Mexican war, and as this was in 1846, only 35 years ago, I concluded my old friend was no baby when he left Ireland, guess he was not only old enough to walk alone, but to travel alone; it was funny to see him try to read the bill of fare without glasses; think he was an old bachelor or widower, did not care to tell his age.

5.—To-day, at eleven o'clock, the captain tells us we are in sight of land. We are all anxious enough to see land, but we require to be told that we see it; for my own part I can see nothing but a cloud, or a fog-bank. We made 283 miles yester-day, and are to reach Glasgow to-morrow. The

day is not clear, and there is much of this damp, foggy weather here, with chilly wind. One Scotchman gave us consolation by saying it rained about two days out of every three in Scotland, and I thought of the American who, while travelling in that country, enquired of a boy if it rained there all the time, "Naw," said the boy, "sometimes it snaws." At two o'clock the clouds clear off, the sun comes out, and we clearly see the coast of Ireland, and pass quite near Tory Island, which seems to be nothing but a rocky promontory rising out of the sea, on which there is a light-house, that certainly must be greatly needed on this rock-bound coast with a heavy sea on a dark night. The view here is beautiful, but I believe, when we have not seen land for a week or two, it is always beautiful, however rough and barren. The green of Ireland now appears, though no sign of cultivation is as yet visible, for the whole north-west coast seems to be a bold, rocky cliff, in many places rising perpendicularly for hundreds of feet, against which the waves of old ocean have dashed for innumerable ages; but as we proceed on our way the face of the country becomes changed. By four o'clock, as we near Moville, we pass a north of Ireland watering place, called Greencastle, and a more green and beautiful place, as seen from the ship, is rarely to be found. From the high hills in the distance, whose tops are hid in blue smoke, to the water's edge, the whole surface is dotted with white cottages, green plots, well cultivated gardens, hedges, castles, and ruins overgrown with ivy. I now realize to some extent why Ireland is called the "ever-green isle," but I am puzzled to know what makes its vegetation appear so intensely green. Can it be the cool, moist, atmosphere? Why with such dark weather for two months during an American summer all crops would be ruined, and instead of being green and

thrifty, they would be right the contrary, yellow, faded, and dwarfed. In fact it seems strange how in such a climate anything can be grown at all; and yet they do raise *Irishmen*, for we find them all over the earth.

At Moville nearly one half of our passengers leave us, and amongst the rest our insane friend who jumped overboard. Query, was it an evidence of insanity that he preferred death to going back to live in Ireland? Here at 6 o'clock, from a Londonderry paper, we first hear of the shooting of President Garfield. At eight o'clock we pass the Giant's Causeway; it could not be very distinctly seen, but by a great effort I succeeded in imagining how a superstitious people might have given it its name. A large rock near the water's edge was pointed out as the giant washing his feet, of course we all saw him, "very like a whale," or a "weasel," but all the while we had been looking at the wrong rock, but no difference, one looked about as much like a giant as the other.

6.—The scenery up the Clyde from Greenock is lovely, we pass on the left Dumbarton Castle that figured conspicuously in the Scottish struggle for independence under Wallace and the Bruce. It is on a high and, from the river, perpendicular rock 560 feet in height, and is now used as a fortress. An immense two-handed sword, said to be that of Wallace, is on exhibition here. We had as a cabin passenger a queer old Scotchman, nearly 80 years of age; he was dressed in coarse clothing, was quite deaf, and seemed so uncultivated in his manners that he was at one time mistaken by one of the waiters for a steerage passenger, and ordered to the forward part of the ship; at this he became very indignant, and called the servant about all the hard names in his broad Scotch vocabulary. He was re-

turning to Scotland after a year's absence; two years before he had buried his wife, his last living relative in his old home, and had crossed the ocean to live with a married son and single daughter in a recently settled county in Wisconsin. When he arrived there it was to find his daughter dead and his son living, with wife and children, in a small cabin in a new country. The winter was long and cold, the old man was discontented and longed for—

Old Coila's hills and dales,
Her healthy moors, and winding vales.

He said he was born in "Glasgee" as he called it, and when he saw the Clyde and realized that in a few hours more he would be there, his eyes filled with tears as he exclaimed "God bless Auld Scotland! I would na gie it for a' the world beside." Perhaps he thought his son had changed more than his old city, and so he preferred to return and die in his native land. We arrived at Glasgow at 9 o'clock A. M. Here a large fine looking gentleman, with a truly American air, visited the ship soliciting custom for his hotel, in the office of which a lady very pleasantly inquired if we had just landed. I replied that we had, and wished to know if she were not an American,—she said yes, and I knew you were as soon as I saw you. I then asked how in the world she came to be there. She laughed and said, Oh! I happened to marry a Scotchman, and have been living here for seven years. She attended to all the business in the office of the house, and, with her American style and taste, makes the Cockburn Hotel the best I found in Europe. Glasgow is the largest city in Scotland, and claims to be the third in size in Europe, containing over half a million inhabitants, and is probably the most extensive ship-building city in the world. Many

of its streets are much crowded, particularly Argyle, which reminds one much, for rush and business, of Broadway, New York, except that it is much narrower. The "Cathedral Church" has an indistinct history dating back to the beginning of the seventh century, but for five hundred years from that time it seems to have no authentic record. Its restoration it is said was the work of David I, who commenced the work in the year 1115, and the building was consecrated on the 7th of July 1136. It was near this cathedral that the Scotch troops, under the lead of Sir William Wallace, defeated the English army commanded by Earl Percy in the year 1300, and where the latter lost his life, his head, it is said, having been cleft by one blow of Wallace's sword. The building is a marvel for strength and durability, and time will verify what Sir Walter Scott, in his *Rob Roy*, has one of his characters say in regard to it, "Ah! it's a brave kirk, a' solid, weel-jointed mason-work, that will stand as lang as the world; keep hands and gunpowther aff it." Far beneath its dark, chilly, dungeon-like basement lie the bones of innumerable dead whose names you read on the tablets above them, though some are totally obliterated by the raising hand of time, but what matters it? All their friends have long since followed them, and the stranger cares not to know whom they were. How gloomy, desolate, and lonely to be thus disposed of. Is not death itself cold and dreary enough without this gloom and mildew? For myself, let me be buried on the hillside where the free winds of heaven may waft the perfume of flowers, and the song of the wild bird above me; where the forest trees throw their shade in the summer, and their withered leaves in autumn; these are the pillars in the temple of nature where I worship, and there let me rest.

7.—To-day I visited the town of Ayr. It is about 40 miles by rail southwest of Glasgow, and has a population probably of 12,000. The old cottage, the birth-place of Burns, stands about one and a half miles southwest of the city, and they try to keep it much as it was on that cold and stormy night, January 25th, 1759, when the bard was born. A little nook in one corner, between the main wall and fireplace or chimney jamb, about six feet by three, is pointed to as the spot, and a mark of repairs at one end as the part of the wall that was blown in, making it necessary to remove the future poet, when only a few hours old, to a safer and warmer abode. A rude frame of wood seems first to have been constructed as a support for the clay and straw that compose the walls, which are very low—one story—and are whitewashed outside and in. The roof is a thatch of straw, and, though bearing evidence of great age, it can scarcely be possible that it is the same that covered the young poet over a hundred years ago. The floor, if it ever had any, was of stones, irregular in size and shape; they seem never to have been dressed, but worn smooth by time and use. An open cupboard or dresser, with a few old dishes and a rough oak table, which correspond well with the house, are the only remaining furniture. There are now two small rooms, only one of which was standing when the poet was born, and this was built by his father's own hands.

Many visitors and writers, not familiar with the history of Burns, seem to regard this as being the place where he lived and wrote much of his poetry, but this is a great mistake. One writer, who at the time of writing had never been within thirty miles of the place, but who describes it all the same, in speaking in doggerel poetry of the cottage, says:

Within its thick and mouldy thatch
The sparrows sing and linnets hatch
Their timid brood, from year to year,
As when the bard was whistling clear,
Clipping the daisy's crimson crest,
And plowing up the "moosie's" nest.

Just why our author should spell mousie *moosie* does not very plainly appear, as neither Burns nor any other Scotchman ever did; and we all know what kind of singers sparrows are; besides, the "bard" never plowed here in his life, and it is hardly probable ever whistled to any great extent, as he was only four years of age when his father left here for a farm near Tarbolten, some ten miles away. Here the poet lived until he was twenty-five years of age, or until his father died, when he, with the other members of the family, removed to the Mossgiel farm, near Mauchline, twelve miles from Ayr.

No charge is made for admission to the old cottage, but books and other souvenirs are sold, the proceeds of which are appropriated for repairs. The old building in Ayr, now known as Tam O'Shanter's Tavern, is still occupied as a beer saloon. The room where he met his "drouthy crony," and from whence he sat out on his perilous journey at—

That hour o' night's black arch the key-stane,
is much as it was a hundred years ago.

His chair, and that of his friend, Souter Johnny, as well as an old plain board table that held their mugs of beer, are still there, and, as ale is still dispensed by the proprietor, I should not much wonder if another Tam on some dark and rainy night should be in as good condition on leaving it to see ghosts and spooks as was Tam O'Shanter

long ago, and particularly as I saw, not a quarter of a mile away, a large man lying by the roadside—

O'er a' the ills of life victorious,

while his wife threw her shawl over his face to protect it from the sun, and a small child held his horse; and, to make the cases more similar, this was also market day in Ayr, and Tam's wife, Kate, used often to say:

That fra November till October,

Ae market night, thou was na sober.

An intelligent Scotchman, an ardent admirer of Burns, keeps this house, and when he found that I was as great an admirer as himself he became much interested, and appeared quite willing to miss the sale of a number of glasses of beer rather than the opportunity of hearing an American recite the story of Tam O'Shanter, and from him, for the first time, I learned the following, which is probably its origin: A farmer living on the Shanter farm, some three or four miles south of Ayr and beyond the Doon, was accustomed to coming to town on market days, and nearly every week frequented this house, where he staid drinking till late in the night, then going home much the worse from liquor. On these occasions he rode a gray mare, that had an unusually fine, long tail. This animal he was accustomed to leaving for hours standing some distance from the door, while he was having a good time drinking and carousing inside. The boys of the town, taking advantage of his absence and the darkness, made a practice of pulling the hair from his mare's tail for the purpose of making fishing lines, and keeping this up until—

The fient a tale she had to shake.

His wife noticed this, and called his attention to it. He

had so exhausted her patience by keeping such late hours and returning night after night intoxicated that she resolved, if possible, as all other arguments had failed, to frighten him. Being somewhat superstitious, she told him there was danger in his passing so late at night the old church-yard at Alloway.

She prophesied that, late or soon,
Thou wouldst be found deep drowned in Doon;
Or caught wi' warlocks in a mirk;
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

So Tam took advantage of her superstition, and accounted for the scarcity of hair in his mare Maggie's tail by relating that on a dark and stormy night he had a fearful race for life, and that in trying to capture him the witches had pulled it all out. This story coming to Burns' ears, and in order to perpetuate the traditions of Scotland, he embodied it in verse that will live as long as the English language is read. But, after listening to many more stories about Burns that this gentleman heard from his father, and being kindly invited to stay all night, we bade the host good bye.

The road from here to "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," some three miles distant, does not lead over just the same ground as the one travelled by Tam. I asked the hackman, who seemed to be an intelligent fellow, where the "ford" was spoken of by Burns. He said he supposed it to be a slight hollow or ravine we were about to cross; that there was no water there now, though there might have been in the poet's time. I again inquired for the—

Cairn,
Where hunters faud the murdered bairn.

He stopped his carriage and pointed to a clump of trees a quarter of a mile away, saying that long ago the road led

that way, and that there was the "cairn," a rude monument or pile of stones, to mark the spot where it was thought some one had once been buried. The walls of the old kirk, which are of hard gray limestone, are still standing, though the roof is gone, and it is now only a ruin, much frequented by sight-seers and relic-hunters. In its old graveyard lie the remains of the poet's father and other relatives, while he is buried at Dumfries. The well near which the mither of Mingo "hanged hersel" is a beautiful clear spring in the hill-side, walled like a well and filled to the brim with cold, clear, sparkling water that bubbles down through the shady grove of forest trees to where the "Doon pours all his floods." A little way above is the "auld brig" over which Tam O'Shanter saved himself on—

That night, a child might understand,
The deil had business on his hand.

No one is permitted to cross it now, except on foot, either because it is not safe, or to prevent the wear; it is one single stone arch. I stood on the "key-stane" and looked down on the "bonnie Doon," which still flows "amang the green braes" as in the long ago. A new and much wider bridge has been built a short distance above the old one, over which the road now passes. The Burns monument, which is a kind of memorial hall, stands on an eminence overlooking the two bridges, a short distance below the new church, which is nearly opposite the old one. This hall contains a number of relics of the poet, amongst which is the Bible presented by him to Highland Mary at their last meeting on the banks of the Water of Fail, where this little stream unites with the Ayr. A lock of her hair is also here, but whether bleached or not by time, is now very light in color—a kind of yellowish white. There is also an oil

painting, which I greatly admired. I tried hard to find, and buy one like it in Glasgow, as they told me it had been executed there; it represents Tam's flight and escape.

So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch screech and hollow.

The grounds around the monument are tastefully laid out with flowers, walks, and shrubbery, while the view from its top, both up and down the Doon, is romantic and beautiful.

Mauchline is a small town, twelve miles from Ayr, with which it is connected by rail, and near this is Mossgiel farm, where Burns lived four years and wrote much of his poetry; here are the fields where he plowed down the daisy in the early spring, the—

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,

and turned up the mouse in November. I procured a daisy from the former, and would have brought a mouse from the latter could I have found one, but had to be content with a few heads of red clover. Everything about the farm, except the land itself, is no doubt greatly changed since the poet's time; out-buildings have been erected and the dwelling has been remodelled, another story having been added. A few miles from here, down the Ayr, a small stream about the size of the Doon, was Coilsfield, or—

The castle o' Montgomery,

where Mary Campbell, "Highland Mary," lived, and, though romance should be chilled by fact, labored too as a dairy or milk-maid. The room in the house of Given Hamilton, in the town of Mauchline, where the poet was married to Jean Armour, "Bonnie Jean," is a small apartment, not more than ten feet wide by twelve feet long, and they try

to keep it as nearly as possible as it was on that occasion. The house of Agnes Gibson, "Posie Nancy," the subject and scene of the "Jolly Beggars," is still smaller, having but one small window, and it is astonishing to think that it ever could have been occupied as a residence, much less as a public house. It is now known as "Posey Nancy's" house, and serves as an office for a livery stable. But we must bid Mauchline, as well as—

The banks and braes o' bonnie Doon—

good bye. After this day's visit to the old home and haunts of the poet, I wrote the following verses, though the inspiration was neither very brilliant nor effective:

THE HOME OF BURNS.

In this rude cot first breathed the bard,
Who woke, in one responsive strain;
Ten thousand tongues in fond regard:
Even o'er the distant Western main.

His soul of song could warm the heart,
Transform affection into rhyme;
Till love and sympathy depart,
'Twill echo down the flight of time.

Here's Irwin, Lugar, Doon, and Ayr,
His inspiration painted so;
Here lavrocks sing and hawthorns fair:
Bloom as he saw them long ago.

Here's Mossgiel farm, and now as then,
The daisies bloom, and in their turns;
The mice will build their nests, but when:
Will Scotland find another Burns?

8.—Took train this morning for Balloch, and then steamer on Loch Lomond. This little lake is about twenty-

four miles long by seven in width; at its widest point though towards its head it is not over one mile, and much resembles a wide river. The scenery here is picturesque and beautiful; hills and mountains are piled in wild confusion, with the blue tops of Ben Lomond and Ben Leddi in the distance. The day was chilly, in fact cold, and I thought it became much more so in looking at a Scotchman on board dressed in his tartan plaid with bare legs. On seeing "refreshments" posted on a kind of saloon on deck, I asked the presiding genius what he had. He replied "whisky." I told him I never *refreshed* in that way. He said "beg your pardon," but still kept up his notice.

At Inversnaid we take coaches, which are a strange kind of vehicle, each with four enormous horses attached; some things must be seen to be appreciated, and some things are not appreciated after they are seen; these coaches are dreadfully heavy and resemble somewhat a hay-rack on top of a wagon-bed, the end or tail-board of which they let down, push your baggage in with a pole, and pull it out with a hook on the end. Talk about "baggage smashers," these fellows can discount them every time with their iron hooks. Mounted above our baggage, and as everything here seems reversed, turning to the left when another conveyance is met—and this not only seems to be the custom but the law all over Europe so far as I could judge—we slowly climb the mountain and descend on the other side to Stronachlachter on Loch Katrine. This is a very small town with a very long name; here we had lunch which consisted principally of empty dishes, hard bread, no butter, and cold meat, for which the charge was two shillings. I remarked to the clerk a big charge for a small dinner; he said "beg pardon," but took the money all the same. Loch Katrine is a beautiful body of pure clear water, only

about eight miles in length and less than one in width ; the scenery is fine with Ben Venue and Ben An on its banks. Ellen's Isle, mentioned by Scott in his *Lady of the Lake*, is an elevated mound-like romantic spot, containing little more than an acre of ground, or rather rock ; it might have served the poet as a theme, but it would be hard to tell why Ellen Douglass or any one else should wish to visit it, and rather think she never did, except in the imagination of the poet. At the Trossachs we take coaches again for Callendar, thence by rail to Sterling ; before reaching which you see to the left the Wallace monument, and further on, near Sterling Castle, on the right, the statue of Bruce ; he stands with his hand on the hilt of his sword looking towards the field of Bannockburn, which may be seen in the distance.

The old castle at Sterling is little else than a ruin now.

Here Stuarts once in triumph reigned
And laws of Scotland's weel ordained ;
But now unroofed their palace stands—
Their sceptre's fallen to other hands.

Here too is the old Cathedral where Mary was crowned, or rather where she was made a queen before she was a week old. John Knox preached the coronation sermon, and the old pulpit and bible used on that occasion are still on exhibition ; the latter is called the "breeches Bible," from the fact that where, in the third chapter of Genesis, we now read that Adam and Eve sewed fig leaves together and made themselves "aprons," this old book tells us they were "breeches ;" it does not, however, state whether they made two pairs or only one ; or, if but one pair, who wore them. Why was this matter not settled there and then ?

9.—Spent the day sight-seeing about the beautiful city of Edinburg, almost every foot of which is historic. There is the old castle, a part of which they tell you was built twelve hundred years ago. On the approach to it we passed an aged piper who plays here for pennys; how old he is no one seems to know, but he looks as though he might have played at the laying of the corner-stone of the castle. This structure covers an area of about six acres, and on one side the rock on which it stands rises almost perpendicularly 300 feet in height. Everything in and about it gives evidence that it was built at a time when peace was the exception, and war and defence the rule. Here kings and nobles were imprisoned, and from its dark dungeons taken to execution. In a small gloomy apartment, called Queen Mary's room, James II was born. No one without seeing this old relic of the feudal ages can form any adequate idea of what it was in its prime, or even of what it is to-day. It is now used as a garrison or barrack.

Holyrood Palace, with its massive walls, some of which are six feet in thickness, stands much as it did in the days of Queen Mary and "Good Queen Bess," though the chapel is a ruin. Here is the bed-room of the former, with its odd furniture and the bed on which she slept; these rooms, like most others in these old castles, are small, dark, and poorly ventilated—built for safety rather than comfort. We had a guide who seemed to be an intelligent fellow—quite familiar with the history of the United States—and, if honest, as greatly deficient in that of his own country. He told us Queen Elizabeth was murdered in the palace, and that there was little doubt but that the murder was instigated by Mary; that many years afterwards daggers, with which it was supposed the murder was committed, were

found in her bath-house. But there was not one word of truth in all this, for Elizabeth was one of the few sovereigns of those days that died a natural death. It is true, during Mary's imprisonment, a plot, known as Babington's conspiracy, to assassinate Elizabeth was discovered, and she then signed the warrant for Mary's execution. The Scotch in general seem to have very little respect for the memory of Mary, while they are profuse in their good words for Elizabeth. Perhaps this may arise from their being so intensely Protestant. Mary's chief minister, David Rizzio, an Italian Roman Catholic, was murdered in one of the rooms of the palace, and dark stains on the floor are pointed to as having been made by his blood.

10.—Got to Melrose, forty miles south of Edinburg, at 9.30 at night; wrote my name in the register, and went to bed with no other than day-light; slept under two heavy sheets, four blankets, and one spread, and was comfortable, except a little cold; should have had an extra blanket. The days are cool and clear, an exception to most of the weather here, where they say it rains half the time. Visited Abbotsford, the home of Walter Scott; it is situated in a wild, picturesque spot, some two miles distant. The building, as they nearly all are in this country, is constructed of stone, and so many changes and improvements, both on the buildings and grounds, have been made of late years that it is questionable whether if Scott himself were to return he would not require a guide. The grounds are embellished with gravel walks, hedges, and wide-spreading birch trees, which give to the place the appearance of a cemetery, and, as this was Sunday, the stillness added to its solitude. Visitors are not allowed here on Sundays, but the gate not being fastened we ventured in, and were about

to return, when we were discovered and hailed by the old janitor, who seemed much excited and so religious that he swore at us for coming on the "Lord's Day." What this old town may be on other days I know not, but with this and Melrose Abbey I concluded it would not be amiss to consider the whole thing a cemetery where an hundred generations, including the present, are buried. The Abbey is one of the oldest mentioned in Scottish history; it was founded by King David I, in 1136, and was once the most beautiful structure of which Scotland could boast. Kings sought their sepulchre within its walls, and Bruce left it the legacy of his heart, but it is now a ruin; both grounds and building seem neglected; moss and ivy cling to its broken columns and arches, while the sparrows build their nests far up on its crumbling walls; bats flit through its open windows in the dim twilight, and crickets chirp undisturbed in its halls.

11.—Left Melrose last night at 10.30 o'clock, but still not dark. I objected to travelling at night, as I wished to see the country, but it makes little difference, as a clear night here is about as light as a dark day, of which they have so many. On the way to Sheffield I saw men mowing at half past three o'clock in the morning, and, from the amount of work they had done, they had evidently been at it for an hour or more. Sheffield is an old smoky city, with the usual high chimneys of English manufacturing towns. Here the massive stone walls of Scotland give place to the dingy brick. Arrived at Birmingham at 6, Warwick at 9 A. M., and Stratford-on-Avon at 2 P. M. Of the former there is little of interest to be said. Like all other manufacturing places it is dark and smoky, but in this particular our Pittsburgh can discount both it and

Sheffield. Warwick Castle is wonderfully romantic, and its surroundings very beautiful. Its age dates away back to the days of the Crusaders, who, they tell us, brought and planted the cedars of Lebanon that now grow around it, and which from their appearance may be 800 years old. They are not high, probably not over 50 feet, but the limbs, which leave the trunk near the ground, cover an immense area, and the foliage is a beautiful dark green. The castle contains many valuable ornaments and curiosities; one table inlaid with mosaic is said to have cost \$50,000, and in its conservatory there is a vase over ten feet in diameter, carved from a solid block of marble, and found in the Tiber near Rome. It is said to be the largest vessel of the kind in existence and is thought to be over 2,000 years old. The view from the top of the Castle, over two hundred feet above the Avon that flows at its base, is beauty itself, but we must leave it for Stratford, the birth-place and former home of Shakspeare. This old town would doubtless long since have been hidden from public notice had not England's bard given it immortality. It is well that he did this and well for its citizens that he still has so many admirers, who, like pilgrims to Mecca, visit the place purely on this account, for what else could induce any one to wake up the sleeping inhabitants. There are always plenty of hack drivers, hotel keepers, guides, &c., waiting for you, or rather, your money, which they are pretty sure to get; we hired a hackman for so much an hour, but he went back on his contract and charged more than double what we were to pay. The old house where the poet was born stands much as it did 300 years ago. Like the Burns homestead, it seems to have been a frame of wood filled in with clay, while the floor is of stones laid without order or system; as is also the case of the house of Annie Hath-

away, the wife of the poet, which is not far distant. The storms and suns of over three centuries however have left their impress on these rude cottages, and as we view them to-day we cannot help thinking that however unequally mated mentally he and Annie might have been, in regard to humble birth they were nearly equal. The house in which he died has been torn down and a memorial hall erected near the spot; one large apartment in this is fitted up as a theatre; it belongs to a company of which I believe Edwin Booth is president; it is mainly supported by donations and contributions. Shakspeare was buried, as was the custom in those days, under the stone floor of the church, only a short distance from this hall, where a stone tablet, a little north of the chancel, bears his name, together with that strange inscription so familiar to all, and about the authorship of which so much doubt has been expressed; but a much better epitaph would have been what Anthony said of Brutus—

. The elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, *This was a man.*

12.—Got to London last night at 11 o'clock. Reader, have you ever been in London? If not, imagine yourself in an African desert, or a Western prairie in the middle of the night. It's slightly lonesome, though there are people enough and noise enough on the streets, even at this late hour; still you feel much like a lost dog. Be sure you know where you want to go, then tell a policeman, who will call a cab, and these drivers are supposed to know every street in the city and just how to get there, and they usually do when they are sober, and will take two persons three or four miles for a shilling. Give yourself no un-

easiness; feel like the Irishman on shipboard in a storm, that you are only a passenger, and that it is his place to look after the craft; he will generally land you at your destination in advance of all other conveyances.

Attended the World's Medical Convention to-day, to which I was a delegate. The United States was well represented, nearly one-third of the physicians present being from America. The sessions are held daily, from 2 to 5.30 P. M. But medical conventions are no novelty, while London is, and, after handing in our credentials, we propose to see the latter. No adequate conception can be had of London without seeing it, for it is a world in itself. Nothing but steam can convey you through it in any reasonable time. Only think of going shopping down town so far away that it requires steam-cars running at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour one-half this length of time to take you where you want to go. They have steam on what they call the Metropolitan roads; but, instead of being elevated, as with us, they run under ground. But this is far from being the only thing that differs from our country. Finding so many things right the contrary to what I had been accustomed to, I concluded this was the rule and not the exception. At a railroad depot you are not permitted to cross the track except on a bridge, for some fellow will let you know he has more regard for your neck than you have. No difference if it should only be a few feet to the opposite side, you must go up steps, cross on the bridge and down on the other side, though you may have to travel a quarter of a mile to do this and carry your baggage besides. This to an American, who generally makes a bee-line between points, is very annoying. Their depots are all called "stations." Ask an Englishman the way to the depot, and the chances are he will direct you to some ware-

house. In the street-cars or "tramway," as they are called, you ride on top as well as inside, and always pass to the left. In Scotland they put us on top of the coach and the baggage below, and in going to my room at the hotel I found the lock upside down, of course; the key had to be reversed, and turned to the left instead of to the right, and I examined the bed to see if I was expected to sleep on the under side. Elevators at hotels are called "lifts," but very few houses have them.

13.—Visited Westminster Abbey, House of Parliament, National Art Gallery, British Museum and Library. In this abbey lie the remains of kings and queens that lived and reigned hundreds of years ago. Some of these died a natural death, and others in a way that seemed natural for crowned heads to die a few centuries back. The remains of Richard III were never brought here. The guide said he was buried in a small church-yard near where he fell at Bosworth Field. Poor Richard! Well might he say:

There is no creature loves me,
And if I die no soul will pity me.

This is a most wonderful receptacle for the dead. The tombs are old, elaborate, and grand. In the museum one would suppose that a pair of everything that had ever been made in pairs was to be found. Parchments musty with age, papyrus on which the ink is as black to-day as when it was put there thirteen hundred years ago; paintings by the old masters, and sculpture over two thousand years old. Here is the celebrated Rosetta stone, which has served as a key to the hieroglyphics found on ancient monuments. It is like a large black slate, about three feet long by two and a half wide, and is kept in a glass case. It was found

in the year 1799, near the city of Rosetta, in Egypt, and is over two thousand years old. So old, yet it lives and speaks, though, for my part, it was all Greek to me. A lady, who seemed to be an antiquarian, was busy reading and explaining to a class the mysterious inscriptions on the old tombs and sarcophagi; while scores of artists, both male and female, from different parts of the world, were sketching the different objects of interest. Hundreds of students, young and old—many of them authors, and others, no doubt, expecting to be—were busily engaged in the library searching out statistics and authorities; for almost anything in the way of a book that can be found anywhere may be obtained here.

14.—Went to-day to South Kensington Museum; another wonderful collection of paintings, tapestry, sculpture, and a thousand things that represent nothing in heaven or on earth; the substance of which never had an existence except in the imagination of the artist. Here, again, are other painters copying from the originals; many of these are evidently Americans, some Germans, and other nationalities. Supposing that about everything in the way of art had been seen, I was not prepared, on visiting the Crystal Palace, to witness the whole thing repeated, only on a grander scale, if possible, for this is a small Paradise. America can never equal the collection of rare and ancient curiosities contained in these places—as these cannot be bought and there are no duplicates—all we can expect are copies of the originals. Many stalls, or booths, for the sale of fancy articles, are kept in the palace, and, being desirous of getting a souvenir, I concluded this would be a good place to buy something of English manufacture much cheaper and better than I could get it in the States;

so I paid a shilling for a small horn pocket comb that could have been had at home for one-half less, and soon after discovered on it the *eagle and stars*. Of course I concluded I had not made a big thing by my purchase.

15.—Went to the Tower. This far-famed ancient state prison where so many kings and nobles were once confined, and from whence they were taken, only to lose their heads, on Tower Hill, just above the Tower, and now pretty much built over. Here is the block on which the Duke of Kilmarnock and many others were beheaded; the mark of the axe still being plainly visible. It was in a wing called the “bloody tower” that the Duke of York and the young prince were murdered by direction of their uncle, Richard III. This room, as well as the one in which for so many years Walter Raleigh was imprisoned, is not usually open to visitors, and we were assured at every point we could not get in; but, being accompanied by an interesting and good looking English lady, who was very pleasant to the officers in charge, and by the use of a few shillings we were admitted. I had been there two days before, but, having no lady with me and not exhibiting many shillings, I did not succeed in getting inside; and of course my good fortune on this occasion was entirely owing to the influence of my lady friend, and it forcibly illustrated what a traveller once stated, that if you wish to travel comfortably and peaceably, to be treated everywhere with courtesy and respect, to have the best seats in cars and at hotels, to escape insults and insolence—be sure you always go with a good looking lady. The room is small and dark, with only one small window to admit light through its thick walls. It is kept as nearly as possible in its original condition, the floor (for it is on the second floor) is laid with boards some eight or ten inches

wide, and would now be considered a very poor job of carpenter work. A few years ago a winding narrow stone stairway was discovered leading to this room, by which it is supposed the murderers entered; it does not seem to be more than twenty inches wide; scarcely space enough to admit the body of a large man, and without a ray of light; but such mysterious passages are not uncommon in these old castles, both above and below ground, and in those days to be condemned to the Tower was almost equivalent to the death sentence itself. The dungeon is one of the most remarkable things of the kind in existence; it is under ground, or in the basement of the building, and originally had no door; one has since been made through the thick stone wall, the only means of access having been from above through an opening in the arch some twenty-five or thirty feet from the floor, and it was only through this also that light and air could be admitted. The walls are of solid stone masonry, and here are fifteen feet in thickness. This gloomy chamber is about forty feet long by twenty wide, and perhaps twenty-five in height to the centre of the arch, so that when a prisoner was let down here all hope of escape must have forever vanished.

In another apartment, called the Beauchamp Tower, the walls are literally covered with inscriptions and the names of prisoners cut in the stone. Amongst the rest is "Jane," which was put here by the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey during her imprisonment in this room, in 1554. On the left-hand side as you enter the door is the name "Robart Dudley;" this was the father of Lord Guilford Dudley, the husband of Lady Jane, who was imprisoned here, and afterwards beheaded on the hill for high treason in aspiring to place the crown on the head of his daughter-in-law. Over the fireplace is the following inscription: "The more suffering for Christ in this world, the more glory with Christ

in the next. Thou hast crowned him with honour and glory, O Lord! In memory everlasting, he will be just, Arundell. June 22d, 1587." This was Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, whose father was beheaded for aspiring to marry Mary Queen of Scots. Rather severe punishment we should say for so small a crime; but whether heavier than it would have been had he been accepted is a question. Certainly a Yankee would not fear such punishment, for some one has said :

He would kiss a queen till he'd raise a blister,
With his arm round her neck and an old felt hat on;
Address a king by the title of Mister:
And ask him the price of the throne he sat on.

Outside of the second recess, commencing at the top, is the name of "John Store, doctor," with the date 1570. This prisoner was a zealous Roman Catholic, who was promoted by Queen Mary to the dignity of Chancellor of Oxford, and employed himself actively in persecuting the Protestants, and is said to have been more cruel than even the prelate Bonner. He was accused of ordering a burning fagot to be placed in the face of a woman who was singing a psalm while burning at the stake. But his own turn came. After the accession of Elizabeth to the throne, though over seventy years of age, he was executed on the 1st day of June, 1571. So it seemed in those days persecution depended less as to who had justice on their side than as to who had the power. To the right and below the latter inscription is the following :

Thomas Miagh, whiche lieth here alon,
That fayne would from hens be gon,
By tortyre straynge mi troyth was tryed,
Yet of mi libertie denied.

1581. THOMAS MYAGH.

Thomas Myagh was an Irishman, imprisoned here in 1580 for high treason, and tortured with the rack to cause a confession in relation to a supposed plot to liberate and reinstate Mary. There are in all 91 inscriptions by that many different prisoners. Some of these are in Italian, some in Latin, and others in very bad English. There are also representations of crosses, death's heads, animals, and quotations from Scripture, for these prisoners nearly all seem to have been very devout Christians; in fact, it was their zeal for their belief that placed most of them here. Those imprisoned during Mary's reign were principally Protestants accused of treason for plotting against the government, she being a Catholic, and those during the reign of Elizabeth and previous to the execution of Mary for striving to reinstate Mary, all of whom were Catholics.

Visited Guild Hall, where the city council and aldermen meet, and sat in the chair of the Lord Mayor, first telling the officer in charge that I was a Republican; but he seemed not to be the least disturbed by the name; in fact, I inferred he thought it would not detract much from the dignity of the chair. This hall is not usually open to visitors, but being accompanied by an English friend who was acquainted we were admitted. This day the mercury noted 97° in the shade—said to be the hottest ever known in the history of London.

16.—Went to Windsor Castle, the Queen's residence. It is on the river Thames, nearly thirty miles from London. The place and some of the buildings have a history and tradition dating away back to the days of Julius Cæsar. The location is one of the finest that could well be found anywhere, and the view from the top of the round tower is unsurpassed in England. The park, stretching away over

fifty miles in circumference and containing eighteen thousand acres, is finely laid out with groves, walks, and drives, one of which, as straight as line can be drawn, is over three miles long and bordered on both sides by two rows of elm trees over two hundred years old. Away in the smoky distance may be seen the old church where Gray wrote his *Elegy*, and who also describes this view—

From the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers, among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver winding way.

It was in this tower that for nineteen years King James I, of Scotland, was imprisoned, and from its window he saw walking in the garden below Lady Jane Beaufort, whom he afterwards married. St. George's Chapel seems to be one of the great attractions of the Castle, not so much on account of its size, as the grandeur of its finish. Edward IV, Henry VI, Henry VIII, and Charles I are entombed here. The state apartments are kept much as they were in the time of George III; here are state beds whose faded hangings have been carefully preserved from periods when silk and velvet were the exclusive possessions of the nobility; queer old bedsteads with high posts, and not over five feet long. How did they sleep on them? I would rest more comfortably under a coarse woollen blanket, and be *all in bed*, than to have a silk spread as a covering, with my feet projecting a foot or two into the room. No wonder Shakespeare said,

Uneasy lays the head that wears a crown.

From the appearance of the beds I should conclude the feet

were more uneasy than the head. There are pictures here of great excellence, amongst which is the celebrated "Misers" of Quentin Matsys, painted, it is said, by a blacksmith of Antwerp, as a proof of his pretensions to aspire to marry the daughter of an artist. Here is the "Death of Cleopatra," by Guido; the family of Charles I, by Vandyck; "The Silence," of Annibal Caracci; and many others equally famous. The palace has been the residence of England's Kings for many centuries, but on this occasion, the Queen being at home, visitors were not admitted into her apartments. The government soldiers, with their red coats, still march here on their regular beats, as they have done for hundreds of years.

17.—Visited the Zoological Gardens, a wild romantic place; saw the lions and other wild animals fed at 4 o'clock. They seem to know their dinner hour without a clock, and manifest it by their restlessness. The collection may be more extensive than that at Philadelphia, but no finer, though they claim to have a pair of all the animals, birds, reptiles, and insects on the earth. So that if there had been such a collection in Noah's time, he need not have been long detained in loading his stock; by placing his Ark at the gate he could have driven in the entire lot, that is, if they could be driven; some of them look as though they would not drive very readily; and for myself, I would not, for a passage *inside*, have assisted in getting this kind of freight on board. These gardens are not open to the public on Sunday; admission is only gained by tickets from some member of the association; notwithstanding, hundreds of persons of all nationalities were here sight-seeing or sitting in the shade of the innumerable forest trees.

18.—At Hyde Park to-day ; this is an immense country in the heart of a great city, with forest trees, drives, walks, lakes, &c. It contains about 400 acres, and here is displayed in the cool of the evening the finest horses and turnouts of England, with liveried servants and lady equestrians. There is a broad, shady drive of probably three or four miles, where hundreds of these fine teams and carriages are to be seen, filled with the city's aristocracy, while on the other side, some fifty yards distant, there is another broad thoroughfare, where hundreds of ladies and gentlemen are having a good time on horseback. The space between these two tracks is a shady lawn, where chairs can be occupied by spectators for a penny each. There can be little doubt but that in fine horses the English beat us, but as riders they are complete failures. I did not see one graceful lady rider, while the gentlemen are perfectly awful. They are probably not obliged to ride so much as we are, which may account for the difference ; they sit in their saddles as if in chairs, which suggests a support for the back, while their stirrup straps are full four inches too short, giving them a bent and awkward appearance. Their carriages also are all too heavy for beauty or anything else, except endurance. Why should horses be required to drag such luggage, and why do they ride and drive here on tracks while their fast trotting or racing is all done on the turf or green sward ? Or, rather, why do they prefer the latter for this purpose ?

19.—Went to Victoria Park, a vast tract of land laid out in an odd way. A part of it—at least 100 acres—seems to be an old common, with only here and there a shade tree. It would make a good base-ball ground, and boys were playing cricket, lawn tennis, and other sports.

Other parts of the park are beautifully laid out, with shady walks, artificial lakes, and flowery lawns. Scores of idle men and boys were lounging on the seats or soundly sleeping on the grass. Who were these men? They did not look like beggars or tramps. It occurred to me they might be working men obliged to be on duty at night in some factory. But have they no homes? What a strange taste they exhibit in selecting a bed—the bare ground in a hundred-acre field; they seem to have room enough, and to be in no danger of falling out, but I don't fancy their bedroom; think they may take cold, as the doors, or rather the gates, are all open. Hundreds of hard-looking, dirty-faced children were also amusing themselves in various ways, trying to persuade themselves that they were happy, and perhaps they were just as much so as though they had been the possessors of millions, for where the wants and aspirations are few and simple they are easily satisfied. Many of them appeared too delicate to live, and I wondered if it were better they should. This park is evidently to the poor what Hyde Park is to the rich. Went to one of the theaters to-night. The audience was small, but it being midsummer it could not well be expected to be otherwise. As pretty much everything here seems to be contrary to what we are accustomed to, and as in our country we usually go up stairs to get into a theater, of course here they must go down. They have female ushers, and sell the programs.

20.—Visited Kew Gardens, as they are called, but it is really another large and beautiful park, much prettier in my judgment than any other in London. Flowers, shrubbery, shady walks, and green lawns of great extent, artificial lakes, monuments, &c., all free to the public even on Sundays. These are really the Royal Botanical Gardens

commenced by the mother of George III. They cover seventy-five acres, and the pleasure grounds connected with them 240 more. To-night went to see the great museum of wax figures of Mme. Tassaude, the most extensive collection of the kind extant. The figures are all life size, each representing some personage dressed in the costume they wore while living, or as nearly so as possible. One of the first on entering is a police officer, he looks so like they do on the street that visitors ask him a good many questions he cannot answer. One figure of a sleeping beauty attracted much attention; the bosom rose and fell as in the act of respiration, and as naturally as if in life. An old gentleman, seated in a chair, was dressed in the plain garb of a Quaker, with broad brimmed hat, and spectacles, turning his head from side to side as if something seemed to attract his attention. Very few colored men are to be seen in London; and as there was in one room what appeared to be a very good representation, it excited a good deal of curiosity; he stood so erect and still that it was difficult to detect the deception. Many thought it the most natural likeness in the collection; I remarked that it was, and that he played his part well, at which the fellow laughed and walked off. How accurate other likenesses might have been, of course I had no means of knowing, but those of Lincoln, Grant, and Garfield were simply caricatures.

21.—A monument erected in commemoration of the great fire which occurred here in 1666 is over 200 feet in height. I went to the top of it to-day, from which I looked down on the great city, that stretched away in every direction as far as the eye could reach—a world in miniature—with its hum, its smoke, and its spires—yes, and with its poverty and

its wealth—while the winding Thames in the distance, with its innumerable shipping, added to the beauty of the scene. On descending I asked the old janitor how high it was. He told me 200 feet. I inquired if he meant up or down, as I thought it further to the top than to the bottom. He took his time, but finally saw the point. Also went to Hampton Court, another large park, with its old castle. In the latter may be seen acres of paintings, some of which are more than two hundred years old, but the colors of which are still clear and bright. Ancient tapestry covers the walls—enough to carpet thousands of square feet, and all of which is made by hand, and of which it is said one person can only make a square yard in a year. Some 2,000 persons have apartments in this castle—principally broken down or unfortunate nobility—making it a kind of royal poor-house, and yet the rooms filled with paintings and other curiosities would furnish accommodations for as many more. Here are to be seen the bed, curtains, and furniture of Queen Charlotte and other queens of the past, who it would seem, from the length of the bedstead, must have been very short. They may, however, have made this up in circumference, as the beds are nearly square, but with high posts and heavy curtains, full twelve feet long. The grounds in the park are finely laid out, with old trees, flowers, lakes, and walks. Here is the celebrated Bushy Park, and that curiously constructed hedge of holly, called the “Maze,” out of which, after a person has once got in, it is almost impossible to find the way without a guide, who stands on a platform commanding a view of the grounds and keeps constantly calling to one to follow the lady with the red ribbon, and to another to follow the white hat, &c.; so they must keep all the time on the move, as there is no room to pass. This is thought to be great sport, and a few

pennies are charged for admission. One portion of the grounds seemed to be intended for picnics, and hundreds of children were having a good time with their plays and games. This place is noted for a conference held here in 1604, the result of which was an authorized version of the Scriptures; here Cardinal Wolsey held forth—

Full many a summer in a sea of glory,

and his hall is still to be seen; in fact, it is said he erected the original palace. Henry VIII also spent much of his time here, and robbed the land-owners for miles around of their property to convert it into a deer park for his own pleasure and amusement. Hampton Court is reached by steam-cars in one hour, and is about twenty-five miles from the main part of the city, on or near the Thames, as nearly all their castles are, in and about London, and nearly everywhere you go you see the red-coated subject of the Queen, with his musket; but of what use he is, or what good he does in time of peace, no one can tell. But I leave London to-night with much regret. In order that our reminiscences of a place may be agreeable, it is necessary that our surroundings while there should have been pleasant; hence I shall long remember London and the kindness and hospitality of my friends, Doctor and Mrs. Berridge, for without their aid I should certainly have seen and known much less of the city. Much complaint is made by travelers about its rains and fogs. I can only say that during the ten days spent here I saw neither, except one slight shower, the weather for the most part not being uncomfortably warm, but clear and pleasant. I never understood that London had ever had any aspirations to compete with other cities for a prize for beauty; it appears satisfied with holding a controlling interest in the trade and commerce of the

world, and this trait seems to be characteristic not only of London, but of the English people—permanency and durability rather than style or beauty; honesty and fair dealing rather than show or sham. One peculiar appearance about the houses of the city is their chimney pots. English writers often mention these, but not one American reader in ten would comprehend what is meant by it. I cannot tell what purpose these are intended to serve, but nearly every house, not only in this, but in other English cities, have from one to three of these on the top of each chimney. They seem to be from one to three feet in height and from ten to twelve inches in diameter, resembling the tiling used for underground draining, except that they are larger at the base than at the top; they certainly detract very greatly from the beauty of the houses and of the city, but they are evidently not intended as ornaments. Other cities may be more beautiful than London, but few, if any, more interesting.

22.—Left London last night; and by rail and steamer reached Antwerp to-day at 11 A. M. This is an old city mentioned in history for a thousand years; it now contains probably 150,000 inhabitants, 50,000 less than it did 300 years ago, when New York, Philadelphia, and all the cities of the great West were not thought of. Here is an old house and shop where they say the first movable types were made by Gutenberg; also the tools and bellows with which he worked; but the same thing is claimed for Mainz and Strasburg. Some of these first letters are shown, and also copies of the first books printed with them. Their cathedral has a spire nearly 400 feet in height, and the interior is decorated with paintings by Rubens, who came to this city with his mother to reside when only ten years of age.

Visited an old castle, formerly a prison, built in the eleventh century, and used in the sixteenth for the confinement of heretics. By the aid of candles we descended the narrow stone stairway that leads to the dark, damp cells below. Saw the iron collar, chain, and staple in the stone arch above where, in the name of religion, the martyr was drawn up to make him recant. An old and deep well, now covered over, at the foot of a dark winding stairway, was pointed out, where the captive in descending, without any knowledge of its presence, stepped in and went to the bottom. Other small stone vaults are here, without light or air, where prisoners were confined until they were either *converted* or smothered. And I thought with Ingersoll, if it had been my case, I would have said, "have it your own way, one God or twenty, only let me out." On the streets here women and dogs draw carts, which are constructed somewhat like the push carts seen in our cities, except that they are drawn, the woman walking before, and the dog under the cart being harnessed to the hinder part. This kind of team does not seem to be very well matched; and though not very fast, it appears to do pretty well on these narrow, crooked streets; and then I should think they were perfectly safe, few accidents occur from runaways. Though the inquisition has been abolished for many years the progress of the people is fearfully slow. The country through Belgium appears to have originally been a bog, or marsh, reclaimed by drainage and embankments; the soil is productive, the crops consisting principally of rye, wheat, oats, and barley; they were harvesting the two former; the grain is cut by hand with sickles, and apparently every straw is saved; the women do much of the work in the fields. It is hard to tell where one farm leaves off and another begins, as they have no fences, and but few hedges.

Their grain is sown in small patches, of from one-half to two acres. No corn is raised here; scarcely any in England, and I believe none at all in Scotland; and certainly never can be if this weather is a fair sample of their summers, for it is, one would think, too chilly to produce anything but a cold; still, potatoes are extensively cultivated, and every inch of ground is made to produce as much as possible. The country resembles a series of gardens, more than farms. The houses, which are usually low, are built with a yellowish brick, and covered with tile.

23.—Arrived at Brussels at 11 o'clock A. M. This is a city of some 200,000 inhabitants, and the capital of Belgium. The houses are principally brick or stone, plastered or cemented on the outside, and painted a yellowish white. The streets in the older part are crooked and narrow; the sidewalks being from twenty inches to three feet in width. This is a great market for the manufacture of carpets and lace, and their production would be immense if all of these articles that bear the name of "Brussels" were really made here. The laces are all hand-made by women; and we may have some idea how scanty their wages must be, when a piece that requires their diligent labor for one week can be bought for five francs—or one dollar of our money. It seems remarkable that they should work for so little pay; they would not be contented to do so one month in our country; they would strike or go at something else; hence this manufacture of spider-webs will never pay in America. If these women did not work so cheaply, and they would not if they could do better, of course this lace could not be bought at such low figures; then again, if a whole Brussels establishment, girls, thread, needles, and all were to be imported, and the same goods made in New

York, they would soon lose their charm, and the Brussels article be still sought for.* But it is only rarely I think, as cheaply as these laces are made, that Americans can buy them at the factories at any great bargains; and certainly not if they cannot speak or understand French, and go with a guide and interpreter who is to do all the talking, for there is a great probability that he will make more by the purchases than you will. In the first place you pay him for his services and the proprietor pays him for bringing a customer, and charges you two prices for what you buy. So, if you must buy lace in Brussels, go to the factory alone; and if you cannot speak the French language—this being generally spoken here—you will usually find some one about the establishment who can speak very good English. In the city hall the visitor is shown the room where, two evenings before the great battle of Waterloo,

“There was a sound of revelry by night,”

as the ball was in progress when the news came that the French were approaching. In the art gallery they have many fine paintings; some of which are twenty by thirty feet in dimensions. Some heinous representations of men being sawn asunder, torn with pincers, &c., it is said so taxed the imagination of the artist that he became insane; and one might suppose from his work that this required no great mental change.

24.—Went to the field of Waterloo, which is about thirteen miles nearly due south of Brussels. The drive, for we went in carriages, though there is a railway, is the finest for the distance I have ever seen. One road is bordered for miles on either side with beech trees, planted at equal distances and to all appearances over a hundred years old.

For another two or three miles there is an artificial forest of these trees, which, although their trunks are trimmed up some thirty feet, stand so nearly together as to prevent the sun's rays from ever reaching the ground. The combined powers have erected on the field an immense pyramid or artificial mound one hundred and fifty feet in height, on the top of which is a monument with a massive lion looking towards France. But any one who will take the trouble to examine the ground must see under what a great disadvantage the French fought. Had Napoleon occupied Wellington's position, the battle would have terminated in his favour in six hours; but everything seemed to operate against him. It had rained the night before, and the ground he occupied to the south of the English position was low, and so wet that his artillery could not move for three hours in the morning, during all of which time Blucher was marching to Waterloo. Much of this plain, once enriched by the blood of nearly a hundred thousand men, is now a wheat field. The sunken road or deep cut of Ohain, in which it is said, in Ney's last charge at the head of Milhaud's Cuirassiers, 3,500 strong, 2,000 horses and 1,500 men were plunged and buried alive, is now no longer to be seen. The hill or elevation in the field through which it passed has been graded away to build the earthen pyramid. The old buildings on the Hougomont farm, that were not burned during the battle, are still standing, as well as the brick wall on the south side of the orchard, which the guide tells you was mistaken by the French for a line of red-coated English troops, and it was well for those troops that they were on the other side, for if there had been as many men as there were bricks in the wall, which is fully a quarter of a mile in length and seven feet in height, scarcely one could have escaped with his life, as

there are but few bricks on the side of the wall next to the French lines that do not, even now, bear the marks of bullets. This wall was a great protection to Wellington's troops. They cut holes in it, through which they fired; yet the French managed to get over it. The orchard, or at least that part of it now containing apple trees, less than two acres of ground, was fought over and over again, and here, it is said, at one time six men for several minutes fought two hundred. A whole battalion from Nassau, 700 strong, were all killed here, and nearly one thousand more men fell in this small space of ground in less than one hour. It was not properly a battle, it was a hand to hand slaughter. We looked down in the old well just below, into which we are informed after the battle three hundred corpses were thrown, and some of whom, tradition tells us, at the time were not dead. There is no water there now. Perhaps no one would care to drink it if there were. In speaking of this orchard Victor Hugo says: "Nearly all the apple trees are falling from old age. There is not one that does not show its cannon ball or its musket shot. Skeletons of dead trees abound in this orchard; crows fly in the branches; beyond is a wood full of violets. Bauduin killed, Foy wounded, fire, slaughter, carnage; a brook made of English blood, of German blood, and of French blood, mingled in fury; a well filled with corpses; the regiment of Nassau, and the regiment of Brunswick destroyed; Duplat killed, Blackmann killed, the English Guards crippled, twenty French battalions out of the forty of Reille's corps decimated; three thousand men in this one ruin of Hougomont sabered, slashed, slaughtered, shot, burned; and all this in order that to-day a peasant may say to a traveller: *Mon-sieur, give me three francs; if you like, I will explain to you the affair of Waterloo.*" It would be very natural to sup-

pose that the great improvements made in fire-arms since this battle was fought would add greatly to the casualties of an engagement. A breech-loading rifle or gatling gun, that will throw more balls in five minutes than the old flint-lock muskets used in those days would in an hour, one would suppose would be equally destructive, and yet in no engagement fought within the past century have so many men fallen in proportion to the numbers engaged as were killed here. This was no doubt owing to the lines of both armies being so short, and the massing or concentrating of so many men in so small a space. The mound, to which reference has already been made, is ascended by stone steps, and the view from the top is very fine; but as we look out over these fields of waving grain, how calm and still is this bright Sunday afternoon compared with the 18th of June, 1815, when the roar of 360 cannon and 120,000 muskets made the earth tremble. Many relics, in the shape of bullets, buttons, &c., are offered for sale here; some of these have probably been *planted* a few weeks, and some longer; the crop appears quite profitable, and not at all difficult to raise; the bullets come to perfection much sooner than the buttons; with a revolver these can be fired into the ground and dug out in a very short time, while the buttons require time to corrode; and then it is often difficult to get the right pattern, but the supply seems to be inexhaustible and the trade quite brisk. But it is not proposed to write a history or tell anything new of Waterloo, we leave this to writers who have never visited the field; one of our party, who was a paid correspondent for New York and other papers, remained in Brussels all of this day, but, nevertheless, wrote for one of those papers quite a graphic description of Waterloo; had he gone there, he would not have had time to do this, and then, perhaps thirteen miles

away was about the right distance for his vision ; some persons see objects better at a distance. On our return we passed over a road built by Napoleon, from Brussels to Paris, a distance of about 160 miles ; it is straight, well graded, and paved the entire distance with Belgian blocks, like a city street ; and we doubt if in all Europe Napoleon has a finer or more enduring monument than this. Brussels is often styled Paris in miniature, and much has been said of its beautiful women ; and we are obliged to admit we did see here one pretty girl ; whether she was a native or an American we could not tell, but will venture the assertion that more beauty may be seen on the streets of Washington in two hours than can be found on the Continent of Europe in two months, Paris included.

25.—Got to Cologne at 11 A. M. This is an old and once a walled city. It is on the Rhine, and was founded, probably by the Romans, as early as thirty-seven years before the Christian era ; its population is about one hundred and forty thousand, and it is the capital of the Rhenish Province. Its great cathedral is one of its principal objects of interest, and it is indeed a most wonderful structure. The arched ceiling in the centre aisle is said to be 161 feet from the floor, and its cross, if ever finished, full 500. It is of Gothic architecture, 511 feet in length, and 231 in breadth. In the church of St. Ursula, built some 800 years ago, they show you what they allege are the bones of 11,000 virgins, slain by the Huns over 1,400 years ago for their faith in the holy Catholic religion. From the time these virgins are said to have been massacred to the laying of the foundation of this church, a small interval of some 704 years, the history of these bones is not very clear. That they have a large collection of human bones here is

very certain; where they came from or to whom they belonged remains in some doubt. In the "golden chamber" are the coffin of St. Ursula herself and the skulls of a few of her most favored maidens, incased in silver. Just how they were enabled to distinguish her bones from any others, they all having been killed at the same time and buried 700 years before being exhumed and placed here, is what would naturally puzzle any one disposed to doubt the truth of the tradition; besides, some of these bones plainly indicate the osseous structure of the male, and probably belonged to some soldier that had been killed in a battle that might once have been fought here. They also tell you that incased in ivory caskets they have the foot of St. Ursula, her hair net, and the iron point of the arrow that killed her. It may be interesting to the ladies to know that nets for the hair were worn over 1,400 years ago; it is unfortunate, however, that this one cannot be seen, hence the pattern is lost. Bones seem to be highly appreciated here as relics. The church of St. Gerson boasts not only of having the bones of that saint, but those of a small matter of 6,000 Theban martyrs; and even the cathedral claims to have stored away somewhere the bones of three *holy* kings which Fredric I brought from Milan and donated to it in 1162; had he been able to find more than three of this kind of kings, they would no doubt have had an extra supply of bones. In the church of St. Ursula they also assert that they have incased in crystal and silver cylinders a portion of the whip with which Christ was scourged, a piece of the original cross, two thorns from the crown, and one of the water-pots that held the wine that Christ prepared from water at the wedding at Cana in Galilee. That many believe these stories there is less doubt than that they are well authenticated. There is a

pontoon bridge across the Rhine here, made of boats or barges anchored or fastened near each other, and pointing up and down the stream, on these timbers are laid and planks on the top as in other bridges; what weight it is intended to sustain I did not learn; of course it sinks and trembles under its load, but, unless this is very great, not so much as to make it unsafe. This style of bridge is now rarely resorted to except in emergencies, and yet this one has been in use for many years.

26.—Left Cologne by rail for Bohn, and take steamer on the Rhine for Bingen and Mayence. The Rhine is neither a wide or a deep stream; at least, no large boats are to be seen on it above Bohn. In many places its banks are cultivated to near the water's edge; and while nearly all are hilly and mountainous, some are so much so, and so rocky that nothing can grow. But every available foot of ground is utilized by the practical Germans, and the grape is extensively cultivated. Many strange and romantic legends are connected with the history of the Rhine—its ivy-clad towers, its rocks and hills; nor is this to be wondered at, when we reflect that for so many centuries all this picturesque country was the abode of a superstitious and warlike people. One of the most famed of these stories is of the water nymph Lore, or Lorelei, who was supposed to inhabit the Lei, a high rock that rises almost perpendicularly from the water on the left bank as you ascend the stream, which is somewhat narrowed, and the current quite rapid, at this point; and the danger to navigation here, on this account, probably gave rise to the tradition. This sprite was supposed, by her great beauty and plaintive singing, to lure boatmen into these rapids, where they were lost. A young count, Herman, fell desperately in love with this fairy, and often

on summer's evenings went to the Lei, to sing and play on the zither, whatever that was, in order to get a sight of her. On one of these occasions she appeared to him encircled in a bright light, which caused him to fall senseless; perhaps he only slipped on the rocks, and was senseless before he fell. But moth-like, he was not discouraged, and still returned in his boat to the serenade, till at last, Lore, no doubt becoming tired and disgusted with his music, caused the waters to rise; his boat was capsized, and he was lost. A small book, called the "Legends of the Rhine," filled with these stories, is offered on the boats for sale; it is very possible that many are still disposed to accord to these legends more respect than the enlightenment of this age would justify; but as long as children are taught some of the cradle songs of Germany, so long will they be perpetuated. The following verse will show this tendency:

Their glooms against pale deeps of sky bold castle walls are
showing,
And through the shadowy valley land the lovely Rhine is flowing,
But still I know that all night long, where reeds and sages
quiver,
The deadly Lorie combs her hair beside the star-lit river.

But what has become of Lorie now, it is hard to tell, perhaps she has grown old, become tired of such sports, and gone out of business, or been frightened away by the advance of civilization; for there is a railroad up the Rhine now, and a tunnel through the rock over which, in the imagination of the superstitious, she once presided. And then these old castles, that were once the homes and haunts of counts and knights, are now falling into decay. I like to see such ruins, not because of their antiquity, but because the progress of ages has made them what they are; and

that time, the great iconoclast, has dared to lay its hand on the follies of men. And in a century or two more, the lofty cathedrals and costly temples will crumble before the same power. "The mill of the Gods grinds slowly but exceedingly fine." It is difficult anywhere to find finer or more varied scenery than on the banks of the Rhine from Coblenz to Bingen. Byron wrote—

The Rhine still nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground;
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round.

Coblenz, or the castle of Ehrenbreitstein, ("the broad stone of honor"), directly opposite the city, is called the Gibraltar of the Rhine. It is situated on a high, rocky cliff, overlooking the river and town, and is indeed a formidable looking place; yet it was taken and partially destroyed by the French in 1799. Bingen, at the mouth of the Nahe, is not a large city, it probably contains 8,000 inhabitants, who seem to be mainly engaged in the manufacture of wine; and what else could they do with their steep, rocky hillsides than to cultivate the grape; and who but the Germans could have the patience to even do this. It was evening when we steamed up to the town, and of course we—

Saw the sunlight shine
On the vine clad hills of Bingen—
Fair Bingen on the Rhine.

27.—Stopped a few hours at Worms. It was here, in 1521, that Luther defended his position before the diet of Charles V. It is a quaint old city, with narrow, winding, filthy streets; was once quite historic, and contained five

times its present population. Its citizens seem to put a high estimate on its bronze statues of Luther and other German reformers; but time will develop other iconoclasts, who will, in their turn, demolish their idols; and so the world moves on. Their cathedral was founded 1,100 years ago, and of course it is on exhibition for all strangers; for any city on the Continent without a cathedral would be poor indeed; in fact, you hear so much of cathedrals that you become disgusted with the name, which a friend of mine got mixed with his bill of fare: looking over this, and seeing nothing that suited his taste, and having heard of the "European plan" to serve anything called for, he ordered the waiter to bring him a "fried cathedral on toast." The astonished *garçon*, not knowing much of the English language, thought there must be a fool somewhere, but did not know whether it was himself or his guest. Arrived at Heidelberg at 3 o'clock P. M. This city contains some 20,000 inhabitants, but an American town covering no more ground would not have more than one-fourth this number. It has properly only one street, which is about three miles long; the place being in the valley of the Neckar, and confined between the river on the north, and the Geisberg Mountains on the south. These mountains are in many places over 4,000 feet in height, and are covered by the "Black Forest," which takes its name from the dark green foliage of its dense firs. Heidelberg is noted for its university, founded some five hundred years ago; and from the appearance of its college buildings, one would naturally be led to the conclusion that any student who could receive a thorough education in these old halls, must be unusually bright; a young and growing mind cannot be expected to absorb useful information from, or even with, unfavourable surroundings; no old, dark, dusty, musty, illy ventilated building should

ever be occupied as a school room or college; education is a growth, it does not all come from books; the school house should be a palace of beauty, surrounded with flowers and flowering shrubs; the mind should be made happy, and the young eyes see beauty everywhere; it will teach them refinement and self-respect; no wonder the students here are so disposed to fight; I felt like fighting myself, as soon as I saw their old dingy college buildings; this branch of their education seems to occupy about as much of their attention as any other, for they have a hall on the opposite side of the river where they go to fight with swords; the floor is stained with blood; their faces seem to suffer most; and they may be seen by scores on the streets, with deep scars, which they esteem as a great honor. Whether they require to be cut up in this way in order to get learning in their heads, or not, I am not prepared to say; it no doubt makes them *smart*, at least for a few days; and carving a lesson on the face may make it durable, but its usefulness is scarcely equivalent to its cost.

28.—Heidelberg castle must at one time have been one of the grandest structures of the kind in all Europe. It stands on the mountain side overlooking the city and perhaps 500 feet above it; and here part of it has stood for over 700 years; defying time, gunpowder, and lightning, though all of these have left upon it their impress. The French blew up one wing of it in the sixteenth century, and it was afterwards fired by lightning; so that it now is, and has been for a hundred years, a magnificent ruin. Vines of ivy two hundred years old climb its walls, and trees as old wave their branches far below, and on the mountain far above it, one of its towers, the top of which is reached by 150 winding stone steps, is still in a tolerable state of

preservation; but few traces of its former grandeur now remain. One of its vaults was once used as a wine cellar and in it are three wine bins, or tanks, one of which is capable of holding 50,000 gallons, and it is said to have been filled two or three times since it was constructed; it is thirty-six feet long by twenty-four feet in diameter, made of wood in exact imitation of a barrel, the staves being eight inches in thickness. Why do the Germans not fill it with beer? Guess they never get enough on hand at one time; at all events it would not remain full long, judging from the way it disappears in the beer garden back in the grove. The castle has subterranean chambers and tunnels, with dark winding stairways, massive stone arches, and walls, some of which are seventeen feet in thickness; these fill the beholder with astonishment but not with wonder that the same age that built the cathedrals should build these castles also—the former to solicit God's protection, the latter for their own in case the former should be refused. But the men who built these have gone, and five hundred years hence the coming generations on a western continent will point with pride to a grander monument and relic of the past erected by their ancestors; and that too not a ruin but a temple of progress and reform, a country's salvation—the free school-house.

29.—After a long but rather pleasant day's ride of over 200 miles from Heidelberg, by way of Stuttgart, we reach Munich, another old town of nearly 200,000 inhabitants, and the capital of Bavaria. The country through which the road passes presents, in many places, the appearance of a Western prairie; the absence of timber, except fruit and cultivated shade trees, adds much to the similarity; no such thing as fences, and very few hedges,

are to be seen; no country school, and very few farm houses; the people seem to live in villages, and cultivate every available foot of ground; they sow and plant in narrow strips, from twenty to one hundred feet in width, and from fifty to three hundred yards in length, a strip of wheat, another of rye, oats, clover, potatoes, and here and there a strip of plowed ground, with their varied colors, give the country the appearance of a landscape garden. Why they farm in this way no one can find out from me; perhaps, because two or three hundred years ago their ancestors did the same thing; men at best are only old children, and learn by example, or what they are taught; and as no one who knows a better way ever takes the trouble to instruct them, and would probably receive no thanks should he propose to do so; unless some Fritz returns from America and tells them how they do things over there, they will, in all probability, keep up their present customs for a century or two to come. The crops appear to be good, and as this was just their harvest time, men, women, children, cows, and horses were busy in the fields. But what they do with their grain is hard to tell, as no barns or stacks are to be seen; they let it stand till very ripe, and then thrash it on the ground with flails, as American farmers did their buckwheat fifty years ago. These flails are oddly constructed, and their manner of using them is odder still; four or five men and women will stand around the thrashing floor, and all strike at once; how they do this without striking each other's flails would excite the curiosity of a Western farmer's boy, who had been taught in the buckwheat field to keep stroke with three or four others in rotation, but never together. As we near Munich spurs of the Alps are to be seen in the distance, their high peaks glistening in the setting sun, like giant columns supporting the blue.

30.—The Iser river, on the banks of which Munich stands, is not so large as the Danube, which we cross at Ulm on the way from Heidelberg; its water has a greenish hue, and reminds one of the Green river in Kentucky. Visited the Royal Palace to-day, and, it being Saturday, the king's private gallery of paintings was open to the public. The collection is fine, but intensely German, and with a German guide who could not speak one word of English, of course the *show* was interesting. In the National Art Gallery the paintings are more varied and better. Amongst others they have a representation of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. The Stars and Stripes are all right, but General Washington would scarcely know himself. The bronze foundry here is quite famous throughout the world, and some of their work may be seen in Washington—the east door of the Capitol and statue of Lincoln in Lincoln Park. They seem to be very accommodating, and take great pleasure in showing visitors through the works. The gentleman to whom this duty, on this occasion, was assigned was an Englishman, and his explanations were quite satisfactory. The statue of Bavaria is an immense piece of workmanship of this kind; it stands on an elevation overlooking the city, and represents a female figure crowned with laurel, and, with the pedestal, is nearly one hundred feet in height. The figure is well proportioned, and the head large enough inside to hold six men; this is reached by a narrow winding stairway, and the ascent is made with some difficulty. It is a disappointment to find the view so poor, owing to the small size of the openings; a head so large should have larger eyes. The metal also, heated by the sun, made it anything else than a comfortable summer resort, besides being somewhat dangerous. It does not pay to climb to the top, but how

are you to know this, unless you try it? If any one travels with the intention of seeing all that is to be seen, he must expect to be often disappointed, and to come to the conclusion that very much that is on exhibition is not worth the admission fee.

31.—Spent this day also in Munich. The accommodations at the Hotel Bellevue are quite good for Europe; still, they adhere to the inexcusable custom, met with all over the Continent, of having nothing for breakfast but hard bread, butter, and coffee or tea; and, as I drink nothing but cold water, of course my breakfast is rather slim. I am told they only bake bread in this country twice a year, and then, I should judge, they always use last year's baking, giving the fresh biscuit ample time to cool. At all events, it does not appear, from the evidence, that this time in the year is anywhere near their baking day. Bread is seldom seen on the table, and butter only for breakfast, but hard biscuits are plenty everywhere; they are oblong in shape, something like a cocoanut sawed in two, or a fuse shell, and not much unlike these in other respects. Sunday is a gay day in Munich; beer gardens, shops, stores, churches, and theatres are all open—"you pays your money and you takes your choice." Soldiers are to be seen everywhere, either marching the streets with brass bands, filling beer saloons, or standing on street corners. It would seem as though half the population of middle age were in some way connected with the army.

August 1.—Leave Munich, up the valley of the Inn, by Brenner-Pass, across the Alps, up, up, up, at a grade of over one hundred feet to the mile, through dark tunnels and by yawning chasms, until we reach an elevation of over

4,000 feet, with mountain peaks frowning down on us from every side, whose bald heads hold in their gorges drifted snow that glistens in the bright sunlight, and whose faces are furrowed by the torrents of many a score of centuries; yet other heads, not so old, are white as theirs, and other faces have furrows, if not made by the cascades that have flown over them, serve as a channel for many a flood. Is it the barren, desolate country that makes the journey so tedious? No town or village; not even a farm-house, or a place to put one, or the farm either, unless set on its edge; and yet we pass cows occasionally, who cling to the mountain side, and graze unconcernedly on the brink of a precipice that yawns a thousand feet below, and where, should they lose their footing, the vultures would find food already prepared for their young. Do these labourers along the railroad live in caves in the mountains? If not, their fathers probably did, for their appearance would justify the conclusion that they were not many removes from the brigands; certain it is I would not care to travel this road on foot and alone. But we begin to descend, and by eleven o'clock at night, after a ride by rail of fourteen hours, arrive at Verona, in Italy. Who has not heard of Verona, the tomb of the Capulets, and once the home of the Montagues? An old city, situated on the banks of the Adige, and now containing some 70,000 people. But I am too tired to feel much interest in Verona to-night, after so long a ride; in fact, would sell my interest in it very cheaply, but fancy a purchaser could not be found in the company that crossed the Alps to-day.

2.—The places most of interest in Verona are the Royal Cathedral, the church of St. Zeno, the old Arena, the tomb of Juliet, and that of the Scaligeri, who lived and ruled in

Verona two hundred years before the Montagues and Capulets.

"Thrice blest Verona! since the holy three,
With their imperial presence, shine on thee;
Honoured by them, thy treacherous site forgets
The vaunted tomb of "all the Capulets."

Again, in 1816, Byron writes:

"I have been over Verona; the amphitheatre is wonderful—beats even Greece. Of the truth of Juliet's story, they seem tenacious to a degree, insisting on the fact, giving a date (1303), and showing a tomb. It is a plain, open, and partly-decayed sarcophagus, with withered leaves in it; in a wild and desolate conventual garden, once a cemetery, now ruined to the very graves. The situation struck me as very appropriate to the legend, being blighted as their love. * * * The gothic monuments of the Scaliger princes pleased me."

The cathedral, they tell us, has stood here since the ninth century, but that the church is much older, and that its floor and foundation belonged to a monastery 1,400 years ago. The amphitheatre is still older, and was built by the Romans before the Christian era. Some four hundred years ago a part of the outer walls was destroyed by an earthquake, and the remaining portion seems to be in such a good state of preservation that nothing else than this can prevent it from standing forever. The massive stone steps, or seats, for they seem to have been used for both, and capable of seating 35,000 spectators, are still in position, while standing room is afforded for 35,000 more. The dens where the wild beasts were kept, as well as the cells or dungeons where the gladiators were imprisoned before being called to face

these in deadly conflict, remain just as they were 2,000 years ago, when this barbarous custom afforded amusement for 70,000 Romans. But what a change time has made; the gladiator no longer appears in the arena; the howl of the Numidian lion and the shout of the rabble are unheard, and these old walls will reverberate with them no more; all is so still, for the life that gave them utterance has gone out forever. Coarse weeds now grow from soil once fertilized with life blood, and the frisky lizzard looks at you with his bright eyes as he hides in some crevice, seeming to say as he retires in disgust—"You do not belong to Verona, for no Italian ever disturbs us, the spider and the bat are our companions, and we hold high carnival here alone." The garden and old monastery, in which is pointed out the tomb of the Capulets, or of Juliet, are most sadly neglected, little or no attention being paid to them, broken trellises, with vines that have the appearance of having neither been trimmed or trained since Juliet died, weeds, beans, potatoes, and a few dwarfed rose-bushes, and fruitless trees cover the grounds, and if the place is ever put in a respectable state of cultivation, it must be done by some one else than the unappreciative citizens of Verona. The garden is enclosed by a brick wall, and contains about one acre of ground; this wall is some twelve feet in height and forms one of the outer walls of the old building, in which is pointed out the tomb of Juliet; another part of this structure is used as a depot for storing the cocoons of silk-worms. A sarcophagus in a small room, with stone walls and floor, is said to be the one in which the fair Juliet was laid; the lid, if it ever had one, is gone, and so is Juliet, for no sign of her remains; there is an impression of a human form cut in the stone bottom, but whether this was originally a tomb, a bath-tub, watering trough, or refrigerator for cooling milk-pans is hard

to tell; there are holes through the sides near the bottom, and it is said water once ran through these, and that centuries after the tomb was constructed it was found the action of the water had decomposed and washed away every particle of the remains. This may not be authentic, but it is the story they tell, no one however is obliged to believe it unless he is so disposed. The old legend from which Shakspeare gets his romance is, that in the days of the Capulets this building was a monastery, that Juliet lived here, and that in order to see her, Romeo scaled the garden wall; just how he did this does not plainly appear, as the wall in the inside is full twelve feet in height, but then the story loses none of its interest on this account; he said—

There is no world without Verona walls.

And probably thought there was no world without these garden walls, and so had a desire to see the world inside; but said Juliet—

“These orchard walls are high and hard to climb.”

Still he says:

“With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls.”

Yet I am disposed to think these wings would have failed to take him over this wall in time had the old man or a bull-dog pounced on him from the surrounding shrubbery. But never mind how he got out, if he were ever in he must have done so, as he is not there now; don't spoil the romance, Shakspeare has told the story and told it well, and the play that has made this spot historic is here offered for sale in three or four different languages, and hundreds of cards, principally of Americans, are to be found on the tomb.

3.—Arrived at Venice last evening and went to our hotel in a gondola, from which we stepped into the door. What a strange city in the sea!

“The sea is in its streets.”

It has but one railroad, and this has for two miles to be built—like the city—through the water, on piles. Venice now contains probably 150,000 inhabitants, though it was once much larger; it is evidently a finished town; has seen its best days, and I predict that in less than 500 years more it will be uninhabited, though it has stood here, or a part of it at least, for probably 2,000 years.*

In fact they show you, in the church of St. Mark, sculpture which they assert was executed twenty-two centuries ago; two beautifully wrought columns of alabaster, ten feet in height and ten inches in diameter, are pointed to as having originally been in the Temple of Solomon. The ashes, too, of St. Mark, the guide tells us, are here deposited; and his tomb, or something that passes for it, is also to be seen. A tower (the Campanile or bell tower), completed nearly 400 years ago—some 600 years after its foundation was laid—stands near the church in the Piazza San Marco, which is the only public square or *park* in the city, and is about 200 yards long by 100 wide. From the top of this tower, which is over 300 feet in height, a fine view of the city, the beautiful bay, and the Adriatic, with its hundred islands, is obtained, and it is stated that it was here that Gallileo conceived the idea that led to the invention of the

*There has recently been a proposition to fill up all but the grand canal, converting them into streets, and to navigate it by steam. If there is money enough available in Italy to do this the existence of the city may be preserved.

telescope. And yet as high as this tower is Napoleon is said to have ridden his horse to the top. This at first thought might seem to be impossible, but the stairway or passage leading to the top, instead of being steps and spiral, is an incline plane, the grade of which is probably not over four inches to the foot; it is full three and a half feet in width, and as the shaft is square and there is a level space or landing at each corner some four or five feet square, a horse could easily make the turn, and the floor the whole way is laid with bricks. In this court or square, as the old bell in the tower strikes two, hundreds of pigeons flock to be fed. We sat waiting for the signal, having been provided with corn by the guide, and it was interesting to see how they knew the hour, for scarcely had the sound of the last stroke died away when they came flocking from all directions. No one is permitted to kill or even to frighten them, hence they become quite tame and will eat out of the hand.

Every one has heard of the Rialto and the Bridge of Sighs, and the latter, with its surroundings, presents one of the most striking illustrations of cruelty and barbarity anywhere to be found. The canal, over which this arch is thrown, is about twenty feet across, and walled on both sides by high buildings, one of which, a large, dark, massive stone structure, with square grated windows, was once the State's Prison. On the other side, and directly opposite, is the Doge's Court Chambers, where those imprisoned for treason were tried. In going from the prison to the chamber they were obliged to pass through this bridge, though from the inside it has no appearance of a bridge, as it is a dark, narrow, stone causeway, with only four singularly constructed places, two on each side, where light can be admitted. These openings are a cluster of diamond

shaped holes, cut through the solid stone, and as the prisoners passed these, and looked out on the water beneath, they sighed for their freedom, without hope for their lives—hence the name of the bridge. After their trial, which was little else in most instances than a sentence, they were taken to the dungeon below; and this “infernal region,” as it is well named, surpasses in barbarity the most fiendish conception of men or devils. By the aid of tapers we followed our guide down dark, narrow stairways to the arched caves or dungeons beneath. There are over twenty of these, perhaps ten feet square, with one round, small hole in each about eight inches in diameter, cut through the massive stone wall, to admit all the food and air to the prisoner; but no light, as these do not open to the outer world, but only to a passage as dark as the cells themselves. Here between their trial and execution they were confined, the door being closed. From this they were taken still further down to, if possible, a still more diabolical dungeon, where no daylight has ever entered; and after being tortured—the iron bars and staples for this purpose still remaining in the walls—to make them confess their guilt, which, if they did not, they were beheaded and thrown through a hole in the wall, down which they fell to a spot where a gondola was in waiting to convey the bodies to a certain locality to be buried in the sea. Byron says:

I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand;
I saw from out the wave her structures rise,
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand.
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Look'd to the winged Lyon's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles.

The famous Rialto over the Grand Canal is a single stone arch of about ninety feet span, and probably the same in width. It is divided into three narrow passages or walks, the middle one of which, the main thoroughfare and much the widest, is lined on either side with shops or booths for the sale of fancy articles; back of these, and on the outside of the bridge, are two walks; of course all of these are for foot passengers, for there are only two ways of travelling here—on foot and in the gondola. Near the Rialto is pointed out the house of Shylock. It looks more like a prison than a residence; it is a two-story, low, dingy old structure, with iron gratings in its small, square windows. It was here that Shakspeare has the old Jew say:

Signor Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies and my usances.

Opposite, and within ten feet of Shylock's house, is another old building, said to have been used for the first bank ever instituted. The house of Brabantio, the father of Desdemona, wife of Othello, the Moor of Venice, is pointed out as we ascend the Grand Canal, the waters of which wash the marble steps at the door. How Rodrigo and Iago managed to call on foot at this door, on the night when they aroused Brabantio to tell him his daughter had eloped with the Moor, does not plainly appear, as it can only be approached from the water; but, then, it is unfortunate that we are sometimes so critical as to destroy the romance of a good story. There are no horses or carriages in Venice, and no place for them, or streets wide enough for them travel. I, however, saw two of the former on a boat, and learned that they kept two, perhaps these, on an island near by, and that children, who had never seen a

horse, were taken there for that purpose. The gondola is the carriage of Venice; there are over 4,000 of these, many families keeping their private conveyance as they would a carriage. The streets, for they have some dry streets, or alleys, vary in width from three to ten feet. These are very crooked, and seem to have no names. They are paved with stone, as every foot of space is that is not built over. Not a tree, plant, or flower is to be seen anywhere, except what are cultivated in pots. The houses are built of stone below the water and brick above, plastered and painted the usual yellowish white color, and covered with tile; they are from three to five stories in height, and most of the floors and stairs are either stone, marble, or a kind of concrete just as hard and smooth. Hence, while there appears to be very little danger of fire, there seems to be very few facilities except water to extinguish it. It is said that nearly 800 years ago the houses were constructed mainly of wood, and that fires destroyed a large proportion of the city, including thirty churches; but, as fires are usually refining to cities, Venice was no exception, and very little wood is now used, inside or out, in building. Their drinking water, for some of them use it, is brought a number of miles by vessels or by rail, I presume, as they seem to have no such thing as water-works, and put in cisterns, these are only free to the poorer classes two hours in the day—one hour in the morning and one in the evening—and hundreds congregate around them awaiting their turn; the crowd is so great as to require the police to keep order, and many go away disappointed. Water is carried through the streets by women, who cry *aqua fresht*; they have two buckets suspended from a stick across the shoulders, and the fluid is sold like milk, though just how this is kept or sold I did not learn; perhaps at regular depots for this purpose.

In 1177 the Pope presented the Dodge Ziane with a ring, and ordered him to have Venice married to the Adriatic to show to posterity that the sea was subject to the city as a bride to her husband, and in that same year the event was celebrated with much pomp and ceremony. An unequal match; we often hear of December being wedded to May, but it is rare that any one as old as the Adriatic, becomes a bride, but not strange, perhaps, that in doing so she should select a partner a few thousand years younger than herself; still, this diversity in their ages seems not to have made much difference, for the bride to-day appears as bright, clear, and lovely as she was a thousand years ago, while the groom shows unmistakable signs of age and decay.

4.—Visited the art gallery, which is said to contain some of the finest paintings in Europe, but the eye grows weary of looking at so many miles of these, and at the same conception of artists transferred to canvass. I do not believe I appreciate this style of art; I would rather look at a live kitten than an imaginary dead Madonna. Hence, I admire the human form in marble more than its shadow on the canvas, but the form by the "old masters" that breathes and speaks most of all. This afternoon we went out on the beautiful bay to have our pictures taken, with the city for a background; the day was clear and bright—

The scene was more beautiful far to the eye
Than if day in its pride had arrayed it;
The land breeze blew mild, and the azure-arched sky
Seemed pure as the spirit that made it!

The water is still and clear as a mirror, and our gondolas with their sharp prows cleave it like feathery snow on a

sea of ice. Hundreds of jelly fish are here to be seen. What strange formations! They look like miniature balloons with baskets attached; they are well named jelly, for they seem to be nothing else, but it is hard to see where the fish comes in, for they are neither fish nor flesh; they look more like a pumpkin cut in two in the middle and the two pieces fastened together with strings; they doubtless possess life, but is it animal or vegetable? They float here in the clear warm water like huge soap-bubbles. There are some small islands out here, or perhaps they may be artificial, and, like the rest of Venice, kept above water on piles; on one of these the artist takes position with his camera and takes in the whole group. Yes, that is the word, he takes us in; keeps us standing in the hot sun until the picture is cooked, burned brown, and then calls that Italian art, but he gets his pay all the same. Why does not some American photographer come over here and learn these failures how to take pictures? We have three gondolas, each one is only allowed to carry four or five passengers; we are about two miles out and propose to pay the gondolier five franks extra who beats the others in, but the race was not at all exciting, for they merely made a pool of the money and divided it equally between them; the day was extremely hot, and if there is anything an Italian knows how to do, it is to save himself and get paid for it. This night a serenade was given on the Grand Canal to the Queen who was spending a short time at the royal palace. Maggie is a great favorite with the Italians and her picture may be seen at every turn; she is rather pretty—that is if she resembles her pictures, and it is possible she may, for they certainly should have one good-looking lady in Italy. They are usually dark and swarthy, go bare-footed and have a peculiar custom of

throwing black lace over their heads. "Beautiful Italian maiden," "beautiful Indian girl," bah! Perhaps the ancient custom of the Carnival of Venice may still manifest itself in the display made on such an occasion as this; thousands of gondolas are out, loaded with sight-seers. A large, square, fantastic-looking boat built for the occasion, with awnings twenty feet above the water, and hundreds of colored lights of nearly every hue, arranged in festoon form, carries the serenading party with music, vocal and instrumental; and, after receiving the Queen on board, we pass down the canal, which is about fifty yards wide, and which was covered for half a mile with gondolas so closely packed that there was scarcely room for the oars. They pressed hard against each other, while the scream and gibber of the gondoliers, the strains of music, the bursting of rockets, and the lurid glare of colored lights on the buildings, while the moon, nearly at its full, shed its faint light, all conspired to make up a novel scene like some enchanted fairy land. Such is "beautiful Venice," a fraud on civilization. It was founded by fishermen, in a rude and barbarous age, for their own protection from rapine and plunder, but the customs of our times have no use for such a city, and its decay, though slow, will be none the less certain. Byron had this impression when, in 1818, he wrote:

Oh Venice! Venice! when thy marble walls
Are level with the waters, there shall be
A cry of nations o'er thy sunken halls,
A loud lament along the sweeping sea.

5.—At 12 M. to-day we leave Venice, by Bologne, for Florence, a warm and dusty ride by rail of nearly ten hours. Of the country between the two latter places, a

distance of probably sixty miles, very little can be said as so little can be seen, owing to the fact that one-half the distance is through tunnels in the Apennines, which rear their tall heads on every side. But what difference does it make to some tourists, whether they see the country or not, they do not come for this, they come to have it said they have been to Europe, and to write letters back for publication, and for which they receive sufficient compensation to defray all travelling expenses. They will play chess all day, seeing, nor caring to see anything of the country through which they are passing, and then at night copy from some guide book what some other traveller, whose eyes were open, saw and stated. If proprietors of newspapers only knew how their correspondents over here often obtain their information, it seems to me they would economize by buying a good guide book and writing their own "letters from Europe," in their own offices. I once saw a letter from London published in a Western paper, in which the correspondent gave an extended account of the trial and martyrdom of John Rogers. This was fresh and interesting, particularly to one who had seen all this in his school primer when learning his ab—abs; but it was perhaps as original as a majority of what we see in letters from foreign countries. From what could be seen of the country it appeared parched and sterile, perhaps the drought at this season of the year added greatly to this appearance; here and there a peasant has built his hut in the hillside, and attempted to cultivate small patches amongst the rocks on the steep mountains; but how any human can be contented to live in any such way, is hard for an American to comprehend, particularly one who has spent many years in the prairie countries of the West. But these people have but few wants, and fewer aspirations, and these no higher than their

fathers; the crucifix may be seen every few miles by the roadside, and with this they are contented; expecting a smoother country in the next world, they make no effort to better their condition in this.

6.—“See Florence and die,” is an old adage, the origin of which is hard to ascertain. Is it because some have thought this surpassed all other cities for beauty, or because it was a good place to die, or where one would be likely soon to die if he attempted to stay for any great length of time. It is an old walled city, its history dating away back before the days of Tacitus, 1800 years ago, and the present capital of Italy. Of course our conveyance had to be halted at the gate to see if it contained any brigands or robbers, or if the city was in any danger in case a dozen Americans—the half of them ladies—should enter it all at once. The town lies in the valley and on either side of the river Arno, and contains about 168,000 inhabitants; but, like most of these old cities on the continent, it is much less populous now than formerly, for in the fourteenth century a pestilence prevailed here that destroyed two-thirds as many lives as it now has population; it is almost surrounded by the Apennines whose smokey tops are seen in the distance. It is rather pretty, or has some fine scenery, and the Boboli Gardens belonging to the Petti Palace are a paradise out of which no one would care to be thrown, particularly if afterwards he were obliged to cultivate for a living the dry barren mountains around here. This seems to be the nursery of sculpture and painting, and the collection of art in the galleries is so extensive as to weary and almost discourage the spectator in his attempts to see them. Over two hundred years ago Gallileo, who lived near here for eleven years, used as an observatory an old house that still stands

on a hill overlooking the city. The church of Duomo, commenced six hundred years ago, is, it seems, still unfinished, as mechanics were at work on the south side; it is a wonderful structure, and its dome is said to be larger than that of St. Peter's at Rome; the money that has been expended on it for the past five hundred years would of itself almost build a city, and feed, educate, and clothe the starving poor of Italy; and yet within its sacred precincts may be seen the zealous devotee kneeling on the marble floor before a crucifix and muttering his prayers, while, at the same time, and within a few feet of him, the squalid beggar is asking for alms; but he takes good care not to ask a priest or one of his zealous countrymen, for he has long known that goats pay better than sheep. So the world has gone, the more costly the churches, the more ignorance, superstition, and beggary. Reverse, or transpose the language if you like, it is all the same, we must speak of things as they exist.

7.—Sunday seems to be but little observed at Florence—stores and shops are open, and the unearthly yells of market-venders on the streets, even till late in the night, makes it difficult to determine whether they have something to sell or are mad and fighting, for their scream resembles the latter. I remarked to one of our party, one day in Venice, that two men were fighting a little distance from us. He said, Oh! no; that was only their manner of conversing. I told him I knew nothing at all as to what their words implied, but I saw one choking the other, and that kind of language I understood; it meant pretty much the same thing in all countries. This day was clear and warm, and, as there had been no rain here for months, the vegetation in the parks was parched and dusty; every-

thing looks old, and as though it had been finished many, many years ago, and the most of the inhabitants appear as though they were glad of it, as it left them nothing to do; in fact, they themselves look as though they might have been completed about the time their town was, and that—

“Some of nature’s journeymen had made men, and not made them well—they imitated humanity so abominably.”

8.—After a long, warm, and dusty ride of over 200 miles from Florence, we arrive at Rome, the Eternal City.

The journey was tedious, with very few stops. A part of the country through which the road passes appears once to have been the bed of the sea, but now resembles a garden or orchard, with hundreds of trees, each bearing a vine, but whether for this purpose alone, or the double one of bearing fruit as well, I could not learn, though they had the appearance of fruit trees; no fruit could be seen. Other portions of the country are broken, barren, and parched with drought, as it rarely rains here in the summer months. The climate, though warm, is not oppressive, owing to its dryness, and the nights are cool and pleasant; the hills are white with age, and their faces furrowed by many a weary century. No farm-houses are to be seen, as with us, which gives the country a very desolate appearance. Where and how the people live it is hard for one to conjecture in making a flying visit. They raise some goats, and cattle with immense horns that would discount even Texas. Query: What has climate to do with the horns of cattle, or why do these grow so much larger in mild climates? Does the cold of winter dwarf animal as well as vegetable life; not necessarily, else the cattle themselves here would be large; this is not the case. On the contrary, they scarcely appear large enough to carry such

a weight of horns. Does this prevent their growth, or is it in the breed, that, like some vegetables, all grow to tops?

9.—Visited the Palatine Hill, the central hill of the famous seven on which ancient Rome was built. Here crumbling to ruins you see the Palaces of the Cæsars. And what ruins! No adequate description of their immensity can be given, much less can we conceive of what they were when 2000 years ago they shone in all their matchless splendor. Sixty-three acres built over with massive columns, arches, and halls, above ground; with subterranean passages and vaults beneath. Many of these had lain for centuries buried from ten to twenty feet by the debris of crumbling walls and broken columns; but within the last century they have been excavated, and you now have a better idea of their magnitude. The Italian Government now has control of all these historic places, and a hired lackey with a sword clanking at his heels, is constantly on the lookout from some nook in the old wall to be sure that no enterprising Yankee puts the whole thing in his pocket and carries it off. I had a curiosity to investigate how the walls were constructed, and attempted to take a brick from one that was crumbling to decay, but was informed that I would be arrested in a minute, and concluded I did not want the brick. These old bricks are of a curious shape, being thinner and broader than ours, the measurements being about nine inches in length, nearly five in width, and one and a half in thickness; a bad shape one would think for strength—being liable to break with slight pressure—but they are well burned and seem to have been thrown rather than carefully laid in the walls which appear to have been principally constructed with cement, built evidently

in sections in strong wooden or metal frames or crates, the desired width of the wall; these have been filled with bricks, stones, and pieces of marble, when the cement has been poured in so as to fill up every space and crevice, and when this has become set, as builders say, the crate has been moved and the same thing repeated; many of these walls are from four to six feet in thickness, and more reliance seems to have been placed on the cement than on anything else, although stone and marble were used around the openings. Whether we have any cement now that in durability will equal theirs of 2000 years ago, nothing but time can determine. The Basilica of Caligula (Caius, Cæsar, Augustus, Germanicus), built over eighteen centuries ago—some of the walls and arches of which are still standing—is probably in the best state of preservation; some of these are certainly as much as seventy-five feet in height, and present now only the rude and rough exterior of what was once the palace of the Gods; for Caligula decreed himself a God, and had sacrifices offered to him. His horse too, history tells us, was stabled in this palace, fed from an ivory manger, made a member of the college of priests, and even consul; it would have been fortunate for thousands of his subjects had they also been horses. But it is not proposed to re-write what others have written, there is nothing here now to tell this story, still the reflection will naturally pass through the mind when looking at these mouldering ruins; no sign of life here now except bats, and one little cuckoo driven from its solitude by our intrusion; all is still, while around you, like the skeletons of some extinct race of giants, lie these frescoes, mosaics, columns, and crumbling arches—magnificent in death.

On seeing three or four young men on the street to-day in a state of intoxication, reeling, singing and screaming,

I expressed astonishment that such conduct should be tolerated, saying to a citizen that were these men to act in this way in any American city they would be arrested in five minutes. Oh! said he, we think nothing of this here, these young men have just been drafted, they are to be mustered into the army in a few days and it is the custom here for three or four days before this occurs for them to be perfectly free from all restraint and have a good time. You see, said he, an officer is with them who will see that they do not injure themselves or any one else, but he never attempts to control them in any other respect; their time is getting short now, and, when they are once mustered in, their frolic will be at an end until they have served their time. It is a strange custom and a strange appreciation of what constitutes pleasure. I thought of what Goldsmith has said—

The toiling pleasure sickens into pain.
And the heart disponding asks if this be joy?

10.—To-day I walked over the Forum whose broken columns had for a thousand years been buried beneath the debris of accumulated ages. I stood on the marble tribune from which it is said Brutus and Anthony addressed the Romans after the assassination of Cæsar. This is an elevation of about four feet running across one end of the Forum; it is now only a few feet in width, though originally it no doubt extended some distance back in the form of a stage; everything in and about the Forum is marble, even its floor, and it had never been covered, as its name implies "open space." Some two hundred yards from this a spot is pointed out where the incensed friends of Cæsar burned his body; near by, too, on the left of the Forum, it is supposed Virginius snatched the knife from a butcher's

stall with which he killed his daughter. But the only auditor here to-day who witnessed these exciting scenes is the dumb cold marble, speaking only by its silence. I call the roll of illustrious senators—Cicero, Anthony, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Trebonius, Legarius, Decius Brutus, Cimper, and Cinna—but yet no response. All is silent as the grave; the wall-flower and wild vine grow from the creviced walls, while the cricket chirps where the voice of an enraged populace that surged and swayed like the waves of the wild sea once breathed direful vengeance on the heads of the conspirators. For centuries the vandals have been at work amongst these ruins, carrying away the massive columns and statuary to build and decorate churches and other edifices; hence it is difficult to find in Rome a public building less than three hundred years old some parts of which have not been taken from a temple or building older still. The palace here of the King of Italy has not an imposing exterior, and, even inside, is not as grand as we might suppose, as he is said to have an annual income of some two or three millions of dollars, but it contains some very fine statuary and paintings, besides pictures in tapestry superior perhaps to anything of the kind to be met with anywhere, and, in my judgment, more natural and life-like than any oil painting by Rubens or Raphael. Rome has about 360 churches, and, on an average, three beggars for each church; there are 4,463 priests, cardinals, bishops, and friars, and 2,031 nuns; an ample force one would think to look after the spiritual interests of the former class; but these seem to prefer something more temporal—sight drafts or payment on demand. One of these costly edifices, that of Scala Santa, has inside a number of marble steps which they assure you are the identical ones from the palace of Pontius Pilate, up and down which

Christ walked, and which, they say, are stained with his blood; no one is permitted to ascend them except on his knees; I did not go up; they seem to be Italian marble; still, they may have been shipped and re-shipped. In another church they show you piles of human bones that belonged to former monks. For many years, until recently, when a monk died he was buried in the earth in the basement of the church. This space was only large enough to hold about forty bodies, and, as monks seem to be indigenous to Rome, and the crop rather prolific, when this burial ground was full and another grave needed, the bones of the one first interred were taken up and cleaned, and now hundreds of these bones are artistically arranged on the walls in the form of pyramids, stars, crowns, crosses, &c. A strange use for monks, but—

To what base uses may we return Horatio!

* * * * *

Imperious Caesar dead, and turned to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

11.—As everybody has heard of St. Peter's, we had set this morning to "take it in." It is probably the largest building of the kind in the world, being one hundred feet longer than St. Paul's at London, and in magnitude all others are totally eclipsed; though, in beauty and richness of finish, St. Paul's of Rome outranks it. The top of its spire, or cross that surmounts the dome, is 426 feet in height, not so high by 75 feet as the spire of the cathedral at Cologne. The ascent to the large dome is not difficult, but there is a smaller, and still higher one, reached by a narrow, almost perpendicular stairway, or ladder, and the entrance to which is so small, as to little more than admit the body of a good sized man; for my own part, this was

not of much importance, as I require so little space, but it was interesting to see large, fat priests working their way up; the day was hot, and the lack of ventilation made it oppressive; but with hats off, and the perspiration streaming from their smooth faces, they puffed and blowed as though a full head of steam was necessary to get them through; some got in, while others gave it up as a hopeless task; they were evidently strangers, who had come a long distance, to see Rome, and St. Peter's in particular, and as their future happiness seemed so much to depend on seeing all there was to be seen, the disappointment to the heavy weights was very perceptible, as they stood below and looked up the narrow passage or gave out half way to the top. I stood on the dome and looked out on the scene below; any one who has done the same will know what I saw; none else ever will. Here rolled the—

Troubled Tiber, chafing with its shores,

as in the days of Cæsar and Cassius; the city spreading out on every side, dotted with church spires, columns, ruins, and winding streets, presents to the eye a sight rarely seen, and for beauty of this kind, never surpassed. Not that Rome is itself such a beautiful city, it is not; but at such a great height, the unbroken view, stretching away even to the Mediterranean, ten miles off, together with the stupendous, and unequalled ruins, makes the scene unlike others, and only such as—

The great Empire of Rome can furnish.

The interior of the building is a perfect encyclopedia of the Bible and the Catholic Church. Here are to be seen portraits, mosaics, bas-reliefs, and statues, in marble and bronze, of St. Peter, St. Clement, St. Ambrose, St. Augus-

tus, St. Jerome, St. Michael, St. Leo, and all the rest of the Saints; any one curious enough to know how many there were, would be as likely to get the information here as anywhere; but not having come here particularly to look up the genealogy of Emperors, Saints, or Popes, I am somewhat deficient in their chronology or classifications; there have, I believe, been of the former, about 70, and of the latter 260.

This afternoon we visited the Catacombs, and rode over the Appian Way. This road, about which so much has been said and written, was made, it is thought, nearly two thousand years ago, by Appius Claudius Cæcus (whoever he was). It is a straight line for sixteen miles, but it is not, and never has been, graded with any skill or judgment, and, in beauty and durability does not begin to compare with the road built by Napoleon from Paris to Brussels. It is so narrow that it is with great difficulty that two carriages can pass each other, and is up and down hill, according to the natural lay of the land over which it passes; it was originally paved with broad stones, but is now only a hard, macadamized bed. We pass the tomb of Seneca, on the spot where it is supposed he was put to death by the order of Nero. Some half mile from the road, on the left, is still to be seen, in a good state of preservation, the Circus of Romulus, though the walls that remain have stood here for over sixteen centuries. The course on which these chariot races were run was straight, and not over a quarter of a mile in extent; the judge's stand, or a tower supposed to have been built for this purpose, is still standing; also an arch under which, at the terminus of the race, the horses passed.

These old Romans must have been a jolly set. Did they do nothing but war with other nations and amongst them-

selves, run chariots, built churches, and attend gladiatorial exhibitions? The history of their times says little of anything else. Yes, they built aqueducts, and the arches of some of these, still standing, are visible from this place, stretching away over the campagne to the hills beyond. How lonely and desolate everything here seems now; how parched and barren even the very earth? Some dwarfed, flowering thistles, with coarse grass and weeds, that afford pasturage for a stray goat, and amongst which the slimy lizard hides, though all the time, evidently, protesting against our trespassing on his dominions; no other signs of life; not a house, not a peasant's hut; all is ruin and decay, and even the mind grows gloomy as it goes backward to the midnight of the past.

For sixteen miles outside of the walls of the city the Appian Way was once lined on either side with tombs, or repositories, for the dead. Little conception of what these were can be had from the name, but a faint idea may be gained by stating that one of these, still standing, and built for one woman alone, covers more than a quarter of an acre of ground, and is to-day, after having stood for over a thousand years, more than fifty feet in height. Few men now care to spend so much money on their wives, either living or dead, as did these old Pagans. Let us give them credit for their devotion to their dead, though they may have had no well-defined ideas of any other life than this.

The catacombs, some two miles outside the city walls, are a wonderfully gloomy and dreary place. Each visitor is furnished by the old monk, who acts as a kind of sexton to the church of St. Ignatius that covers the vaults, with a lighted wax-taper that looks like a piece of tapioca, and down we go through the dark narrow winding passages like

a coal mine, cut through a strange kind of dark soft rock or soapstone, in which all along and branching off in every direction, excavations have been made just large enough for the human body, in which, after it had been deposited, a marble slab or panel with name of deceased, date of death, age, &c., closed up the opening; and thus by the thousand, one above another, like shelves in a clothes press, or births in a sleeper, five or six feet in height, they disposed of their dead. Most of these remains now have been removed as well as the marble pannels, to other places, leaving the excavations where they once were—still in the rock. Some of these bones in all probability are now doing duty somewhere, as those of St. Luke, or some other saint, and I fear they may be so mixed that some one may have trouble sometime to find his own if he should ever need them in a hurry.

12.—To-day I walked through and over the walls and arches of the Colliseum, and it spoke to me in the language of ancient Rome; it told of the eighteen centuries it had stood here, defying time and the destructive propensities of men, of the hundreds and thousands of lives that had been sacrificed within its arena, to gratify the brutal taste of the 100,000 spectators there assembled; of the generations it had seen come and go, until its time-worn countenance plainly tells it has outlived its usefulness, and became a stranger amongst a race of men who know it not. All this and more in solemn silence was the story it told, and though it has passed through so many changes, has been used as a quarry to furnish building material for other edifices, its old walls, which measure over 20,000 feet in circumference, and where unbroken 160 feet in height, still stand, and to unborn generations will tell this story over and over again. And yet as old as it is, and the great number of churches and edifi-

ces it has contributed its columns and ornaments to build, many blocks of marble still remaining, had evidently formed parts of structures of still greater antiquity, as their shape and carving had no relation whatever to the present building, having in many instances been covered by the builder entirely from sight until the ravages of time revealed them. Undoubtedly in its prime it was the greatest structure of the kind on earth, covering almost as much ground as the largest of the Egyptian Pyramids, being 620 feet in its greatest length, and 513 in width, and oval in shape. It has witnessed the reign of sixty Roman emperors, and all but three of its Popes, St. Paul probably saw its builders at work while living in Rome from 61 to 63, as it was finished in 79 A. D. It was 1400 years old when Columbus was born, and survives to look with cold and silent indifference on the thousands of curious travellers, from a then unknown world, who cross an ocean to see its crumbling form; weeds, wild flowers, and vines, spring up from its arena, and trail from its walls. As it was without a peer in the past, it will be without a rival in the future, for the public sentiment that reared it, has, like its builders, passed away never more to return. Men made it what it was, and Time has made it what it is.

“Drove at midnight to see the Colliseum by moonlight. But what can I say of the Colliseum? It must be seen; to describe it I should have thought this impossible, if I had not read Manfred. To see it aright, as the Poet of the North tells us of the fair Melrose, one must see it by the pale moonlight. The whispering echoes, the moonlight shadows, and the awful grandeur of the impending ruins, form a scene of romantic sublimity such as Byron alone

could describe as it deserves. This description is the very thing itself."—(*Matthew's Diary of an Invalid.*)

I stood within the Colliseum's wall,
'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;
The trees that grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shown through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watch-dog bay'd beyond the Tiber, and
More near, from out the Cæsars' palace, came
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels, the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.

Manfred, Act III, Scene 4.

Near the Colliseum stands the Arch of Constantine; it is in a remarkable state of preservation, though erected nearly 1,600 years ago; but much of its fine work was not executed for it, as its columns, statues, and bas-reliefs belonged to an arch of Trajan some 200 years before. The Baths of Caracalla, or all that is left of them, are, perhaps, more wonderful and indescribable than the Colliseum. The walls now standing resemble, at first sight, clay-banks or hills; the structure was a quarter of a mile square; its floors composed or covered with fancy-colored mosaics, tastefully wrought in flowers and images, while its walls inside were paneled with different-colored marble and fine sculpture. These old Pagans then meant to keep clean; one of the lost arts to the Italians of to-day. The aqueducts of Nero, some of the columns of which are still to be seen, demonstrate their appreciation of water for bathing purposes at least; if they ever acquired the appetite for it in any other way it does not seem to have been very generally transmitted. The manner in which they managed to heat water for their baths does not, from the evi-

dence remaining, very plainly appear; but a large body of ashes, in a kind of vault or oven, which, on an examination I found to be from wood, plainly showed that they had furnaces for this purpose, and it must have required an immense quantity, as it is said 1600 people could bathe here at one time. Pity they have not got such an institution now, where they could soak a few thousand of the natives over night and rinse them out in cold water in the morning.

Visited the Museo Capitolino (Capitol Museum), and was somewhat surprised, on inquiry, to have pointed out to me a thin, small, beardless face as that of Marcus Brutus, and another, not much larger, as Julius Cæsar, while a large, fine, strong face, with full beard, they say is Caius Cassius; and it occurred to me that somebody had blundered, for Shakspeare, who makes very few historical mistakes, represents Cæsar as saying to Antony—

Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights;
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

Antony:

Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæsar:

Would he were fatter! But I fear him not.
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius!

But the bust here is much larger and finer looking than his own, besides a bust of Cæsar in another gallery has no resemblance whatever to the first, so that but little reliance can be placed in either; but, in the case of most of these

busts and paintings, may not the artists have represented their own conceptions, rather than a resemblance. I fancy, if most of these personages were to return, and visit these galleries, they would require an introduction to themselves. But as it is not proposed to write a history of Rome, or its places of interest, space will not admit of a description of the Pantheon, or a hundred other Basilicas and churches, in one of which they claim to have the cradle of Jesus, and in the well of another a Saint, it is said, poured the blood of 3,000 martyrs, who are buried under it; in still another, called *San Pietro in Vicuto*, from having received the chains with which St. Peter was bound, you are shown Michael Angelo's Moses, and it is his exact image; at least we are to infer this, as it was executed by one of the "old masters." It is not, however, like most Moseses of the present day; it is of marble, rather above life size, in a sitting position, and has horns; whether these are intended as part of the head-gear or not is not at all plain; they are about six inches in length, and the size of those of a yearling calf. A story is told, I think, of Reynolds, the artist, who had painted a portrait of himself that was greatly admired by his friends; one lady, praising it in his presence, said it was so much like him that she kissed it; and, said the artist, did it kiss you in return? No, she replied, it did not. Then, said Reynolds, it is not like me. But no test can be applied to determine the similarity here, as the "oldest inhabitant" has no personal recollections of Moses, and we can only regard this as the artist's conception of him. If it is not "one of the mistakes of Moses," it may be of Michael's, for it would represent Nero or Christopher Columbus just as well.

But I leave Rome in the morning. Good-bye, old fellow! I will not expect you to return my call, you are

too old, and too set in your ways to feel at home in our country, and, therefore, I shall never see you again. I have no doubt, like many another, in your younger days you were handsome; but time has been busy with his work, and the "noblest Roman of them all," has long since left you; in the noontide of your vigor you may have been immensely popular, but you are now behind this age, and excel in nothing but ruins. May you renew your youth, and in the no distant future be peopled by a race of men who possess energy, industry, and enterprise.

13.—The country by rail from Rome to Naples, a distance of 150 miles, has, for the most part, in August, at least, a barren and sterile appearance; is poorly watered, and in many places looks much like a desert, with mountains in the distance. The grape here, as everywhere else on the continent, is largely cultivated; but the grain crop would in our country be regarded as a failure. Naples is delightfully situated, on a bay in the Mediterranean, of the same name, and thought to be one of the finest in the world. It is the largest, and by all odds the most live and stirring city in Italy. Its population is nearly half a million, and it would seem as though there were a mixture of all nationalities, speaking, or rather screaming, in all languages. If the dialect of northern Italy is a jargon, this is gibberish; a kind of hodge-podge, or hash, of Greek, Spanish and Italian, boiled down, and seasoned with a little Latin. They shout and yell at each other, and at their donkeys, that carry loads as large as themselves, in a kind of a double basket, as was the custom according to representations in Jerusalem 2000 years ago, and some of these look as though they might be the same donkeys; they seem to have no way to guide them except by the tail—this may

be an effective way to steer, but one would think rather an unsafe position for the driver; it certainly would be with a mule, or with a donkey that had any respect for himself. The women go bare-headed and bare-footed and the children go bare all over, except the babies, these are wound, or wrapped from head to foot like a mummy, and stuck for convenience under the arm, like a sugar-cured ham. Why don't they howl? I should think an American baby done up in this way would make things lively; but when babies do cry here, dogs bark, or chickens crow, they do so in English. The scenery, however, is beautiful, stretching as the city does along the water's edge and up on to the mountain's side, from which a fine view is had of the bay with its shipping, Mt. Vesuvius, and other mountains in the distance. Many suppose that the city lies immediately at the base of the volcano; this is not the case; there is, of course, a good sized city, *Terre-Del-Greco*, extending out to near the mountains, but *Naples* proper is some ten miles away. This long narrow city, with the long name, once contained some 15,000 inhabitants. It has been a number of times nearly destroyed by the eruptions of the volcano, but the natives are so attached to their locality that it has been as often rebuilt. They are extensively engaged in the sardine business, and many of them look as though it was only the small ones that were put up for commerce. Tapioca is also largely manufactured here; it is hung on frames to dry in the open air; whether dogs and chickens facilitate this process or not we did not discover, but many of the latter may be seen occupying the same bars, at the same time. If this information will add any to the appetite of tapioca eaters, I leave them to determine; I am not eating it now.

In looking at Vesuvius from *Naples*, one can scarcely

realize that it is so far away, or that the mountain is so high, until they observe that the top is often lost in the clouds, which when blown away leave only a column of white smoke that rolls off as from an immense coal pit; but at night, when the red flame shoots up, and the moon slowly rising reflects on the still smooth waters of the bay, the scene is grand; and as for hours I sat and viewed it from the high balcony of the *Grand Hotel Noble*, I thought certainly this picture is by one of the "old masters."

14.—I was agreeably disappointed in the climate of Naples at this season of the year. Who is it that has told so many stories and falsehoods about the heat, impure water, Roman fever, and other nonsense, to frighten people, as they have about the malaria of Washington? Were it within two hundred miles of the latter city, people might come here as a summer resort. The mountain air, and the delightfully cool breeze from the bay, render the temperature pleasant eighteen out of the twenty-four hours, and yet nine out of every ten persons, even of those who have traveled on the Continent, will tell you it is unsafe to visit Rome and Naples in July and August, or if you do you must avoid drinking water, and it is so strange that so many, and, from appearances, even some ministers, rather like to believe this. For my own part, I had long taken these stories with a good share of allowance, and was disposed to test the matter for myself; so, instead of drinking no water, I drank *nothing else*, not even lemonade, tea, or coffee, and am well persuaded that those who pursue an opposite course, drinking wine and other medicated mixtures, are here, as elsewhere, the best subjects for disease. At the same time, I am not partial to the water of Naples; it has a peculiar, soft, sweetish taste, and in quality does

not compare with that at Rome, and then their ice is miserably poor—looks like frozen snow; it is probably all manufactured, but it might be made less porous.

In travelling on the street cars to-day we were surprised to hear the young man that drove the horses speak to us in real old-style American English; he, as well as everyone else here, detected at once that we were Americans, and he seemed pleased to meet us—felt as though he was at home again; said he was from Louisiana, and was dreadfully tired of Italy; that he was going to return to the United States as soon as he could save money enough to take him; the only fear I have is, he will die with old age before he accomplishes this. I suppose people do die here; certainly think they would; can't well see how they could do anything else, and yet you never see a funeral or other signs of death; I was told they bury their dead in the night. It would seem almost certain, if the people of any Southern city in the United States were to live in one-half the filth, and in dark, narrow streets, eating and drinking miserable slops as they do here, one-half the population would die every year, but a dry atmosphere is always healthy, whether cold or hot. They say it rarely rains here at this season of the year, but we were treated to-night to a thunder shower that was either a big thing, or there was a great amount of noise for a very small storm; it must have been the echo or reverberation, from crag to crag, of the mountain, that forms a curve and rises almost perpendicularly above the city, that made the sound so terrific; it was undoubtedly the most noise for the least thunder that I had ever heard. Every night, at this season of the year, in all the cities of this country, they give open-air concerts, with brass bands, on street corners and beer gardens, but this was an entertainment not down on the program, and was

the loudest Italian music, at the lowest rates of admission, ever offered to the public.

15.—Spent this day visiting and walking the silent streets of the once buried, and now partly exhumed city of Pompeii. It is about fourteen miles southeast of Naples, and four or five from the base of Vesuvius. Herculaneum is, or was, about three miles nearer Naples, and, consequently, nearer the mountain. Some 2000 years ago Pompeii was partially destroyed by an earthquake, from which it had not entirely recovered when, 200 years later, it was totally covered to the depth of from twenty to thirty feet by cinders and ashes from the volcano. The idea prevails to a considerable extent that it was destroyed by the molten lava that flowed from the mountain. This was not the case. The first shower that fell to the depth of six to eight feet, was, or is now, a kind of pumice stone, which, at the time of falling, was probably not heated; it has the appearance of clay, or what had been mud, it is a light porous formation of grayish color, the particles varying in shape and size, from that of a pea to a hen's egg. The supposition is, that for hundreds, and probably for more than a thousand years, there had been no eruption of the mountain, in fact previous to this it was not known to have been a volcano, vegetation covered its summit, and water stood in what had evidently been once a crater; in this instance the top, from the heat and gas from below, was literally blown off, and this water and mud, hardened by the heat, was the first to fall on the ill-fated city. The next layer of some ten or twelve feet, was a harder and darker substance, a kind of cinder, which may have retained some heat even till it fell. Then over this, there is what is called ashes, but it is darker and coarser than this term would naturally convey. These stratas are

easily seen where excavating has been suspended, the same as layers of clay and sand can be measured in cutting through a hill. In this way the doomed city, with many of its citizens, was buried, and so it has remained ever since with the exception of what has been uncovered. The Italian Government has charge of this work, and in their slow way of doing things, may never finish it. It is now more than a hundred years since the first work was done; they are doing little or nothing now, and have not been for two or three years. If they will furnish the money, and employ Alexander Shepherd of Washington, he will finish the whole thing in about six months. That it is something of a task to resurrect a whole city, there can be no doubt, and attended with much danger from broken columns and falling walls. The part already exhumed is perhaps about one mile in length by one quarter in width, as well as the amphitheatre more than a mile distant. The same precaution is observed by the guards here that was so annoying at Rome; no one is permitted to carry anything away, or even to stoop down, except where the excavating is unfinished; with this debris they are very generous, and will allow tourists to fill their pockets; perhaps it is thought that in time they will carry it all away, and thereby obviate the necessity of carting, and I am not sure but a few hundred Yankees every year, with good sized pockets would get away with it almost as fast as they do. Many of the houses have been built with lava from previous eruptions from the mountain, and it is strange, this being the case, that it never occurred to any one that this was of volcanic origin, and that other eruptions might occur. These walls are finished on the outside with cement, and the same inside, but, in addition, are either wainscoted with marble or frescoed. Much of the latter still remains, the colors still being bright,

while the representations of men, flowers, birds, &c., are well executed. Of marble sculpture and columns there seems to have been no end, as the old Romans appear to have had a weakness in this direction. The floors of many of their palaces, as that of Glaucus, the tragic poet, were laid with mosaic, the colors and images still being bright, and numerous *gamin* are here watching their opportunity to turn a few *centimes* by heading off a party of innocents, throwing dirt and ashes all over these floors, and by the time they arrive, be found industriously at work sweeping and cleaning this off again, and of course for this kindness to strangers they expect to be paid. I told the boys they should be careful to get soil that was dry, it would sweep easier, and then the fraud could not be so easily detected.

A great many relics and curiosities have been found in these ruins, a small collection of which are to be seen here, though the greater part have been removed to the museum at Naples. It is generally believed that the bodies of many of the unfortunates, in a good state of preservation, have been exhumed; this is a mistake; what we see here are not bodies, but only casts in plaster. In one cellar, or subterranean passage, there are on the smooth plastering of the wall the exact figures of four or five persons, who had evidently been overtaken, and buried alive, on their feet, and leaning against the wall; the moisture from their bodies had left a stain, like a shadow, of their forms and positions; and although these bodies have for many a year mouldered to dust, their photographs still remain. In one instance, a skeleton soldier was found at his post, the hand still grasping, as well as bones alone could grasp, a lance; in another, two or three prisoners, with the shackles still on their skeleton wrists; and in still another, a mother, grasping her babe, the bones of her wrists retain-

ing the gold bracelets she wore. The wet ashes, or mud, had so closely incased these bodies as to form, after they were decomposed, a mould, their exact image, in the same way that an impression is taken in damp sand of a pattern for a casting in an iron or bronze foundry; into these cavities liquid plaster was run, and the impression taken, and in most instances so accurately as to lead spectators to believe that these casts are the exact bodies encrusted with lime or cement. The streets are paved with large, hard blocks of stone; some say lava. I doubt if it is, as it is less porous; and while these blocks are irregular in shape, they are much less so than lava would be likely to be, for this admits of no more polish or shape than a cinder from an iron furnace; still, they are very hard; and some idea of the age of the city may be formed, when we find that these hard stones, by the action of chariot wheels, have, in many places, been worn into ruts from three to four inches deep. How many years would be required to do this, would of course depend on the amount of travel, but it was done before the city was destroyed, 1800 years ago. These streets are narrow, the sidewalks being perhaps three feet in width, and some twenty inches higher than the streets proper, so that at the crossings stepping-stones as high as the sidewalks are firmly set, about two feet apart. This circumstance, with others, goes far to establish the belief that their street chariots were not drawn by horses, but by men, probably slaves, and always in the same direction; the wheels running in the same groove would make it next to impossible for them to turn either to the right, or left, even if there was room enough for two vehicles to pass, which in many of the streets is certainly not the case. There doubtless was a time when these streets teemed with the noise, bustle, and confusion incident to

the trade and traffic of a busy city, when love and hate, joy and sorrow, disease and death, occurred here in their usual order; but the hum of the busy hive has long since been stilled. And how still! The silence even seems oppressive. A cemetery may well be called a city of the dead; but here is a dead city. No life but the lizard and the cricket; the former by dozens, frightened from their hiding place, seek another more secure, while the latter, that chirps in autumn admonitory of the year's decline, here as plainly tells us of a city's death. These perform the sentry's duty now, and keep watch with the silent stars over its dreamless slumber.

16.—The great event of this day was the ascent of Mount Vesuvius. This is accomplished principally by carriages some twelve miles from Naples, requires about eight hours, and costs six dollars for each person and as much more as you wish to make it. At the terminus of the carriage road—which is very good and safe, but necessarily very crooked—we are drawn, by a stationary engine, some two miles further up an incline plane, at an angle or grade of about six inches to the foot; and here the great trouble of the journey commences. Guides are plenty, who propose to assist you in various ways, for five francs each; pull you up with straps or even carry you. Some employ these guides and some prefer to go it alone. A few of our company got strong sticks—for which they charge half a frank (10 cents)—and concluded to ascend the cone about one hundred feet above. Seeing one of the guides start, I concluded to follow, but soon found myself in a dangerous situation—probably the fellow had led me there on purpose; the lava from a recent eruption was hot, and the crust in many places so thin as to be easily broken

with my stick. Over acres this was of a bright yellow color, thickly encrusted with sulphur, the smoke and fumes of which were so strong as to be almost suffocating ; so I concluded to find a cooler and safer place, and to dispense with this fire and brimstone as long as possible. Arriving at the base of the cone, or chimney, we climbed slowly up. The ascent is so nearly perpendicular and the sides nothing but a kind of loose ashes or cinders, that gives under your feet like pebbles or sand, you slip back about one foot in every three. Finally we reach the top and look over into the seething, boiling crater, still some fifty feet away, but near enough to be satisfactory to most of us. The volcano for a number of days had been angry and threatening, and just at this time, whether for the benefit of the party or not, was giving a slight exhibition of an eruption ; huge volumes of white smoke and red heat were rolling upwards, and every few minutes a rumbling sound would be heard, and an explosion of gas from below would throw thousands of red-hot cinders hundreds of feet into the air ; most of these fell back into the oven to be again expelled. These cinders, when first thrown out, are much like melted glass when first taken from the crucible in a glass factory—tough and pliable. It is hard to tell what these guides will not do for money ; so they will venture near the mouth of the crater, and while a cinder that has lodged on the chimney is still hot and soft will press a copper coin into it, wait for it to cool, and then sell it to you for a franc, or as much more as they can get. After viewing this scene for half an hour or more, the showers becoming more frequent, and some of the hot cinders falling uncomfortably near, I was satisfied to call it even and quit, and to admit that in an emergency it was capable of carrying out to the

letter everything it had ever proposed on the program. It is undoubtedly the oldest and most inveterate smoker on record, and uses the largest pipe. The view from the top of the mountain is magnificent—the green bay of Naples before you, the city to the right, Pompeii to the left, and Herculaneum, or where it once stood, just below. A painter may sketch this scene, and we may admire his art, but it would only be a shadow. Here is nature itself—majestic, imposing, awfully grand. Give me something to love and admire that is greater and superior to myself, something that by the contrast and comparison will elevate me, to always feel that you are superior to your surroundings, is liable to incite egotism; but this is a perfect panacea for conceit, and whoever attempts its description will only spoil it. Standing here, with the clear Italian sky above you, with the sun slowly sinking below the western mountain, making the shadows of the city lengthened and mirrored in the bay, the smoke and glare of the volcano for a background, the smooth, placid, tideless bay stretching away as far as the eye can reach, the view is permanently photographed on the memory; but from this negative no impressions can be taken; whoever would possess it must himself set for the picture.

Much has been said by writers about the beggars and *lazzaroni* of Naples, and particularly of those infesting the road to Pompeii and Vesuvius, and it would seem as if all the cripples, the halt and the blind, had a monopoly of the trade here; those who can run, or who have legs enough to do so, usually follow your carriage, screaming and yelling, until another party is met coming in an opposite direction, when they immediately direct their attention to it, and follow, like a pack of wolves, until another team is met, and so they continue. Then there are others

who cannot run, but whose principle stock in trade seems to be a loss of one or more limbs, and if one of these is more successful in his calling than the others, it usually follows that it is because there is less of him; so that a beggar with but one leg has the advantage over the one that has two, but the one without legs outranks both, and should he have only one arm, or no arms at all, and be blind as well, the others stand a poor show; in this case he is usually the property of a joint stock company, or has a number of agents or partners; to be successful there is nothing like being adapted to your business.

But I bid good-bye to Naples—a long and last farewell. If its inhabitants have made any progress in the last eighteen hundred years, is it any wonder that Pompeii should have been destroyed? Let me give you a little advice. We don't ask you to come to America—at least, not according to your present rate of development—for a hundred years yet; but prepare yourselves for this migration by adopting the customs of Americans who come amongst you; abandon your miserable style of living, your villainous cooking, your hard bread and black coffee breakfasts, your senseless *table d'hôte* dinners, of which the following is a sample:

1. Soup (colored water, vegetable slop).
2. Boiled fish and potatoes (without salt or butter).
3. Roast beef and potatoes (horribly cooked and spiced).
4. String beans (to be eaten alone, of course).
5. Stewed chicken and lettuce in oil (chicken never done and nearly cold).
6. Pickled peaches and grapes (spoiled).
7. Raw peaches and pears (never good).
8. Cheese (no language to do it justice).

Whole time changing plates at table, one hour; no butter, no salt in anything, and nothing cooked decently; hard bread, no tea or coffee; plenty of wine and lemonade, if paid for extra; and this ridiculous custom is not confined to Italy, but prevails all over the Continent; and I would only suggest, as an improvement on this folly, that each bean be made a course and each grape another. Why do you not give your guests something fit to eat, instead of so many plates, knives and forks? If in a company of twelve eight should not care for soup, they would be obliged to sit and wait till the other four had finished theirs; then their plates are changed all the same; but should these eight still not want fish and potatoes, and few who were not starving would be likely to, they will again have to wait till the four get through; and when, after half an hour's waiting, if anything should be served that is a little respectable, and you should be a few minutes behind the others in getting away with your share, no difference, your plate is snatched from under your nose, though you may not have half finished the only thing in the whole course you cared to eat; and, bad as the dinner is, the breakfast is still worse, for you then get nothing but hard bread, butter, and coffee.

Twain says the only thing that kept him from starving while travelling on the Continent was reading an American hotel's bill of fare. The smart man of our party, who was always talking of the custard pies his mother made, and what a nice time he would have when he got back to New York, seeing what he supposed to be a pie in the window of a restaurant, concluded to buy it, and have a course not down on the menu, all to himself, at the next *table d'hôte*. He was, however, very generous with that pie; and, had he known of just what it was made, would

probably have been more generous still. I did not indulge, but, from appearances, would judge the outside or crust was alligator skin, and suppose the filling was made to correspond. Wonder if he wrote a letter for pay and publication about that pie; if so, I have no doubt it was quite as interesting and much more original than many of his others, as it was something he actually saw, and of which he could find no description in the guide-books.

But I must not neglect the natives. Why do you not give your guests soap in their bed-rooms, and use a little more yourselves? Give them gas, too, for light, instead of your old tallow candles, and for which you often charge extra; cut down your bedsteads about a foot, so that no one may be killed by falling out; have your hack and cab drivers stop their infernal din of cracking their long whips; put a bit in their horse's mouth, instead of a barbarous brass or iron frame on his nose, cutting the flesh at every pull of the line; let your men have more ambition than to turn the crank of a hand-organ or the tail of a donkey; let your labouring men, what few you have, put on some clothing, and not go like South Sea Islanders; have your soldiers pull the chicken feathers out of their hats, quit playing the fool, and go to work at something useful; in short, have your country produce something more than organ-grinders, soldiers, priests, and beggars.

17.—After a long and uninteresting ride of sixteen hours from Naples we arrive at Pisa, another old and played-out town of about 50,000 inhabitants, situated on the river Arno. The road from Naples to Rome has already been mentioned, but the country from the latter city to Pisa is not very inviting; it would not even make a good graveyard, and yet it looks as though it had only

been used for this for the past century. As the inhabitants live principally in villages, it gives the country an additional desolate and deserted appearance. Peaches, grapes, and olives are cultivated on the hillsides and hemp on the low lands; upon the whole, a thousand or two acres of such in our country would be sufficient to bankrupt most men. The absence, too, of singing birds, either wild or in cages, adds to the stillness; and yet it is not to be wondered at that anything with wings should not be found here. Bats, which are very numerous, are the only things that can fly and still remain. Trains in this country do not stop for meals, as with us; you are locked in your car, and shipped like so many cattle, so that if you wish to eat anything you will either be obliged to carry it with you or telegraph to the next station to have so many luncheons ready by the time the train gets in. These usually consist of bread, cold meat, and hard-boiled eggs, the latter being almost the only thing an Italian cannot spoil in the cooking; it is by no means certain, however, that they may not have been spoiled before. The door of your car will be unlocked here, and passengers can get out for a few minutes, but they must take their lunch into the car and eat it as they move along.

Fruit, wine, and various trinkets are usually to be found at these stations, but water is rarely met with. Almost the only place where you are certain to find drinking water is in your bed-room. It is kept in a bottle, covered by a tumbler turned over the mouth, and fitting it closely. How often this water is changed in a year I never learned.

18.—There is not much of interest to be seen in Pisa, except the leaning tower that every child has heard of.

It is well they have a leaning tower, for who would think of coming here on account of anything else. Many suppose this tower, which is almost 200 feet in height, and some fourteen feet out of perpendicular, was originally plumb, but that owing to some defect in the foundation of one side it has taken this leaning position; but this conclusion is not well founded; the column was built just as it stands; the courses of stone as they are laid around it are precisely the same size on all sides; but the foundation slanted, or sloped, when the first course was laid above ground, at just the angle required, and it was carried to its full height in that direction. It is a fine piece of architecture; seven rounds or seven stories of marble columns, one above another. If the original design was to demonstrate that it could be built in this way and still stand, the project has been a success; but if to add to its beauty, it was a grand mistake. It looks like a mud chimney built by crawfish; you expect every minute to see it fall, and feel that with a good pole you could push it over; and I wondered, as I stood on its top and looked below, if my additional weight would hasten its fall, for its top is as slanting as the column itself; but I presume I affected it about as much as a sparrow would a leaning oak. There is an iron railing around it, still, if any one can walk to the lower edge and look off, without feeling that it may topple over, he is an exception. I did this, but thought how many centuries it had stood here, and that if it fell at this time it would be the only way my name would ever be associated with it, or remembered a hundred years hence; but it showed no disposition to immortalize me in any such way, and as the old sexton was at the time furiously ringing one of its three huge bells without causing a perceptible vibration, I concluded it might stand a thousand years longer, and that I could not wait to see it fall.

The road from Pisa to Genoa, one hundred and fifty miles, is a panorama of mountains, tunnels, and sea-side views; in some places it runs fearfully near the Mediterranean, and you are about to take in the situation when you plunge into a dark tunnel, and this occurs so often that you become disgusted, and for sheer spite refuse to look at anything when you again emerge to the light.

Genoa, where we arrive at six o'clock P. M., is another Italian city of about 145,000 inhabitants, and as churches and cathedrals seem indispensable, if not indigenous to this country, of course Genoa must have hers on exhibition.

19.—This city, like most other Italian towns, puts in its claim for beauty, with its six-story buildings and crooked, narrow streets, along many of which you could not wheel a wheelbarrow and pass any one; but there is one spot, the Catholic cemetery, or rather repository for the dead, a little way out of the city, that is the most beautiful and novel place of the kind to be found anywhere, and to whomever designed it must be awarded the merit of originality; I cannot see why it has not been duplicated, or at least imitated, in this country. As no conception can be had without seeing it, any attempt at description must result in failure. It is rare that grounds so naturally adapted for such a purpose can be found near any city, or, in fact, anywhere else; there is a valley or plain of a number of acres of level ground that serves for the grave-yard proper, and here it is likely the poorer classes are interred, as nothing but low headstones and crosses are to be seen in it, but on either side of this there is a hill, the sides of which are terraced, each terrace having its roof or cover; you pass along these, like the corridors of an art gallery; on one side are the vaults, and in front of these is placed the statuary, sometimes on the

opposite side of the walk, and at other times in a recess or arched vestibule before the entrance to the tomb. These often represent the death-bed scene of the departed—not only a life-size likeness in marble, but that also of every member of the family present in one group, all arranged in the position each occupied at the time of the death, with the expression of countenance and attitude, as if photographed, and it is likely these designs are all taken from photographs. Sometimes the subject was a young lady; at other times a little child; some are represented as spirit forms in marble as white as the driven snow; no two are alike, and it is difficult to tell which most to admire; the names, age, &c., are inscribed on the tombs, and the whole thing seems more like a memorial hall than a cemetery; I venture the assertion that it is the most complete burial place in the world, and its statuary the finest in Europe. Say what you will of the “old masters,” the moderns beat them in everything—in design, in finish, in life-like expression, and in the material used. Money is here lavishly expended by the living on those who, during their earth life, possibly received less kindness. For my own part, if my friends are disposed to spend money for my benefit, I will accept it now; I am not certain it will be any great gratification to me to have it invested in a monument; I prefer present enjoyment to an uncertainty; plant flowers on my grave, if you will, but let me know that you are disposed to do so by giving me a flower now, while I can see and enjoy it—while I can inhale its fragrance, and feel that the one you plant will every morning hold a tear after the storms of life are over.

For when I am gone, and my place is no more,
And friends have forgotten to weep,
The storm and the tempest will rage as before,
And howl o'er the spot where I sleep.

The sculpture and paintings in the churches here are only a duplicate of what you may see in other places all over the continent; they are principally representations of Scripture scenes and characters, and all wear the same sad and forlorn expression. What can be the matter with them? Has the creation been a failure? I wonder if these are correct likenesses, and if these personages have gone to Heaven looking just as they are here represented; and I wonder, also, if it is necessary, in order to get into their company, to look just this way? Happiness usually imparts a bright smile and a serene countenance, and a church should be a place to impart these; but no one with such an expression can be happy; and even to look at such paintings makes me feel like leaving my measure for a coffin. Let me get out. Think the artists must have had the dyspepsia, and I feel its contagion. Give me the bright sunlight. Life is too short to be spent in the gloom of a prison. Let me have a flower or a singing bird, and hear the ringing laugh of happy childhood. If storms must come let the clouds be spanned with a bow.

While out sight-seeing to-day the guide informed us we were but a short distance from our hotel, and if we wished to go no further it could easily be found by keeping straight down a certain street. I alone undertook the task. It did not occur to me that it was impossible to keep straight down a crooked street, and I had not gone far till I found other streets branching off and turning round, getting darker and narrower. I knew that I was lost. I had missed my way many times in the forest and on the prairie, miles away from human habitation, but to be lost with thousands of people all around me was a new experience. But what good could they do me? They could not understand me or I them. It was little use to retrace my steps,

for it would be as difficult to find my way back as to find the hotel, of which I had forgotten the name. I finally accosted a policeman, who had sense enough to understand that I spoke English. He took me to a group of men, one of whom spoke to me in good plain English, and asked me what I wanted. I told him I wanted to find the way to my hotel, the name of which, however, I had forgotten; but that there was a railroad station on the opposite side of the street, and that this was not the one near the Columbus statue, where the train from Pisa came in. I thought with this description he would understand me, and he probably did; but he brought a man who he said was an interpreter and guide, and told him to go with me. I described the house so plainly to this fellow that I supposed he would have no trouble whatever in finding it, but I do not think he knew one half of what I said, for I soon found he knew very little more of English than I did of Italian. He led me through winding streets and dark, filthy alleys, so narrow we were obliged to pick our way to avoid stepping on lean dogs and ragged children. He would take me to a hotel to see if I would recognize it; but when I would give him to understand he was wrong he would be off again at a rapid gait to another. After keeping this up for nearly an hour, by which time I thought we had visited pretty much all the hotels in Genoa, I became disgusted, and suspicious that the fellow meant mischief. We finally stopped at a house, the proprietor of which could speak a few words of English. He invited me into his office, and spoke to his clerk, whom I found to be an Englishman; and just then it would not have been healthy for any one to have told me the English language was not so soft and melodious as the Italian or French. I was in no humor for such foolishness. I told my new-found

friend what a time I had had. He said there was no trouble about it at all, that my hotel was the *Hotel de la Ville*, and that it was close by. He suggested that my guide would take me to it. I said *no*, I was never going to leave him until I saw the house. So I paid off my first guide, who seemed much disappointed, and in five minutes was in my room. But I had seen Genoa—yes, more of it than I cared to. Don't believe I like it. Do not wonder Columbus left it in search of another and better world; thought I should do so though I were pretty certain to be drowned in the attempt. It seems to have a good harbor, and does a reasonable amount of shipping; but they have a novel way of loading vessels. Sacks that appeared to be filled with grain were carried on board on the backs of men in the costume of the South Sea islanders, which consists in a superfluous amount of nothing; and altogether I should say the city can make more noise for the amount of business done than any place of its size on the Mediterranean.

20.—The country from Genoa to Turin, a distance of one hundred miles, is better cultivated than most parts of southern Italy, and numerous farm houses give it a less desolate appearance. Still no country school house is to be seen either here or anywhere else in Europe, so far as I could observe. Don't know how they get their education am inclined to think the article is not much in demand. In Russia they send their convicts as exiles to Siberia; why don't they send them here? Can't tell; punishment too severe possibly. Turin is an old city founded, they say, over two thousand years ago, and now contains some 200,000 inhabitants. What they all do, or how they manage to live, is one of the problems to be solved; but they show

more thrift and industry than is to be seen in the cities further south, where the mildness of the climate renders their wants few, and where, if any one would buy the wardrobe of one-half the people for one dollar a head, he would soon find himself hopelessly bankrupt.

21.—One of the most remarkable features of Turin is its straight and wide streets; remarkable because it is such an old city. Perhaps no other of half its age has either wide or straight streets. The question arises, was it originally laid out in this way, or owing to fires, has it been reconstructed? An American so rarely finds anything abroad that is an improvement on what he has been accustomed to see in his own country that it is refreshing to notice a good idea when you see it. So far, about the only thing I have thought favorably of was a grave yard; I do not know that the design of this has been patented, and whether or not would advise some Yankee to steal it; I don't mean the yard, but the design. But I notice in the streets of Turin a style of pavement that must at once commend itself. The street car tracks are, as with us, laid in the middle of the streets; the pavements, too, as ours, between the rails, are laid with cobble stones or Belgian blocks, as is also the greater part of the street; but in the middle of the spaces between the car tracks and the sidewalks there are two tracks of smooth cut stone, about sixteen inches in width, laid to correspond with the wheels of the wagons and carriages; all going in one direction pass on one side of the car tracks, and those in an opposite direction on the other. In this way the jar of riding over a rough street is almost entirely obviated, while the draught and noise are greatly lessened, most of the latter being caused only by the feet of the horses on the rough stones. The pavement is durable, and

a decided success. The city has many fine squares, with fountains and statuary; most of these, as well as the streets and public buildings, have ample space. The cities here, in general, are built as if there was danger, in case they were spread over a little more ground, and not walled in, of their falling off the edge of the kingdom. Of course it has its cathedrals and churches, which they claim are unsurpassed for beauty anywhere; many of these are undoubtedly costly structures, their paintings and decorations too, sold at their estimated value, would amount to a fabulous sum; but were I to take an inventory of them, it would reduce the price immensely. They tell you that in one of these, enclosed in an urn, they keep the identical handkerchief with which Christ wiped his face while carrying the cross; this handkerchief is not on exhibition, but they assure you it is there. The same story is told, however, of St. Peter's in Rome, as well as other places, making four of these handkerchiefs in Italy and three in France, or seven in all, and this weakens the story somewhat. In Rome they show you Nero's tower, where it is said he sat and fiddled while the city was on fire; but those best informed say this tower was not built for 300 years after his death; and this completely destroys the effect. It is a pity to spoil a good story in this way, but somehow we take no interest in the tower now, or in the handkerchief story either. This being Sunday, some of the places of interest were closed, but the churches were all open for inspection, and while they have no regular admission fee, they always expect a franc from every stranger whose curiosity prompts him to enter. Two of our party of twelve usually observed Sunday by staying at the hotel and writing letters home, but the others concluded they had come to see what was to be seen, and availed themselves of every opportunity to

do this. Turin, altogether, is rather an interesting city, but we leave it in the morning for Milan.

22.—From Turin to Milan, about eighty miles, the country is better watered and better cultivated than any I have yet seen in Italy; some corn is raised, as well as broom-corn and hemp. Milan contains over 200,000 inhabitants, and, though a decided improvement on Genoa and many other Italian cities, its streets are by no means so wide and straight as those of Turin. It has its royal palace, of course; and, seeing one of these in nearly every city, I was led to inquire if they had a king in every town; but it seems the king visits all these cities at stated times, and has a furnished palace in each. King Humbert is immensely popular with the Italian people, as well as his wife, Queen Margaret; doubtless, partly because she is rather pretty; her likeness is to be seen at almost every hotel and public place in the kingdom; we soon became familiar with it, and as familiarly called it Maggie. There are some seventy or eighty rooms in the palace here, all splendidly furnished; the ball-room has chandeliers of candlesticks, holding altogether 3000 candles; these are all in place, ready to be lighted. Why they still persist in using candles in this way, instead of gas—not only here, but all over Europe—is one of the things “no fellow can find out.” They have gas on the streets, in hotel offices, and often electric lights, but in their churches, palaces, and hotel bed-rooms, you see nothing but the dim candle. Perhaps, in another century, they may adopt kerosene, and in an additional hundred years resort to gas, so that when I return again I may find this improvement, while on the other side of the water we will be lighting the rest of the world by electricity, the old, yellow gas-lights having

long been discarded. The *Gallerie Vittorio Emanuele* here is a beautiful and artistic place; it might be said to be a street roofed with glass. It is an arcade 220 yards long, 48 feet wide, and 88 high, surmounted with a cupola 170 feet in height; the statues of twenty-four distinguished Italians range along its sides, while its shops present every attraction to the visitors. Why does not some enterprising firm get up something of the kind in some of our American cities? Buy both sides of a street for one square, roof it with glass, admit no teams, not even dogs; it could be closed by glass-barred doors at night, and during the day those making purchases could do their shopping without exposure to sun or rain; it would seem as though the rent of stores on such a street would amply justify its construction.

23.—Milan claims to have the finest cathedral in the world, and, for its size, it is probably the most costly structure on earth. At anything like a reasonable compensation for labour, the expense of the marble sculpture and statuary, on the outside alone, would probably build four of the largest churches in America, and the work and finish inside as many more. In a gilt circle in the arched ceiling, one hundred feet from the floor, they tell you is one of the identical nails of the original Cross. Twain thinks he may have found a bushel of these nails in various places, but this is certainly not one of them, for it is not on exhibition; they only point to the spot in the ceiling, where they assure you it is, and it is very possible there is a nail of some kind there.

I greatly doubt if another such temple will ever be built; certainly not, unless the race is describing a mental circle, which, in time, will again carry it into the

delusions and superstitions from which it now seems to be fast emerging. They were having a funeral ceremony in one part of it at the time of our visit; some Russian nobleman had died, and his body was to be sent home; a few priests, and perhaps a half dozen others, seemed to have undertaken the job, and were getting through with their work according to the specifications; they appeared to not be at all disturbed by visitors. But why should they be, for there is room enough for a skating rink or a base-ball ground, without much interference; and, as for seats, they have no pews, as with us, in any of these large churches; but very little of the space is furnished with seats at all, and what few there are, are cheap, movable wooden benches with backs; they are light and easily carried from one part of the building to another, as they appear to have different places for different exercises. The inhabitants of Milan and of northern Italy display more energy than those further south; there is more travel here also, and more life; this may be owing to the season of the year, for if the hotels of Pisa, Rome, and Naples have no more custom at other times than during the month of August, their income cannot be much greater than that from a first-class peanut stand.

They were having a fair here, and had been keeping it up for some months. It seemed to be an international concern, or at least competition appeared to be open to all European countries. The display was very fine; that of silks and laces in particular would make a poor man shut his eyes and hurry along if his wife or his best girl were with him. You could see here the different processes of making silk goods, from the cocoons of the silk-worm to the weaving in the loom, and some of this texture was simply splendid. The fair appeared to be artistic as well as

mechanical and agricultural. Chickens and all kinds of domestic fowls by the hundreds, statuary, and paintings. Yes, these everlasting paintings. But what would a fair, or even a church, in Italy, be without them? We found an Italian or a Frenchman, for he spoke both languages, as well as some pretty good English, who was very kind in describing the different articles, and appeared a little vain of his knowledge of the English. He inquired if we had seen the little *sheep* that had come all the way across the ocean from South America? He said it was in the park only a short distance away, and directed us how to find it; but we became disgusted with the fellow's English when we found that instead of a sheep it was a small ship in which some crank had crossed the ocean; but as the vessel was not of much value, and the cargo of no great account, the risk was not very great. It would be a fruitless task to attempt a description of the various articles on exhibition; the collection was fine and very elaborate, and the whole thing a decided success, unless it might not have been so financially. To-night some of our party attended an exhibition at the arena. Just what the arena is I could not quite understand, as it was dark, and I could not see whether it was walled in or boarded up like a base-ball ground; certain it is it had no covering, as the stars above were visible, and what seats they had were chairs placed on boards on the ground. Neither could I tell what the stage was, or even the play, but that the former was an immense affair there can be no doubt, as there were at least five hundred actors on it at the same time, including at least twenty-five horsemen, who did not allow their horses to stand, or even to walk, but who urged them at the top of their speed. The play was a kind of pantomime or sham battle; two or three batteries posted on an eminence or

hill in the distance kept up a perfect roar of cannonading, while the rattle of musketry from the surging and charging columns below was continuous. Men fell by dozens, and were carried on litters from the field, with their clothing, to all appearance, saturated with blood. There was a drum choir of sixty young ladies in uniform, who, at an exciting stage of the performance, threw away their drums, each taking a musket and entering the fight with a vim. It is hard to conceive of anything more exciting or realistic. It was a success in every particular, and a play long to be remembered. I am sorry I did not visit the place in daylight and see how it was possible to give such an exhibition, and how the stage was constructed, as well as the hill or elevation where the batteries were located. They seem to enjoy such things here, and appear to get them up more for pleasure than for profit, as the price of admission is very low, only one franc, or twenty cents of our money.

24.—Arrived at Arona, on Lake Maggiore. This is a dead town and ought to be buried. It is much like the farmer's orchard that consisted of one scattering tree. It has one street extending along the lake, also a few alleys. I would not accept of it as a gift, unless I had a previous contract with some one to take it off my hands. The lake is a long, narrow body of water, resembling a river in many places, with low banks, while in others the mountains approach the water's edge. The accommodations here at the *Hotel d'Italie et de la Poste* were the worst found during the whole journey. Its name was longer than its bill of fare, and the drinking water furnished was perfectly awful. There was certainly no excuse for this, as the clear water from the lake, only a few rods from the door, would have been much better. The hotel-keeper contended it was un-

safe to drink water at this season of the year. How did he know? He did not look as though he had ever tried it. I strongly suspect he gave us the meanest water he could find in order to induce us to buy his wine. But as we only stopped with him one day he did not make much by his speculation. This, our last day in Italy, was idle, dull, and uninteresting—nothing to do, nothing to see, or to read, not much to eat, and poor water to drink, and as undesirable as the contemplated all night's ride was, I was glad when the hour of starting came, and at midnight we left for the mountains of Switzerland in what they call a diligence, and which it would require a good deal of diligence to describe. Each vehicle is intended to carry ten passengers. The body is constructed much like the old-fashioned stage-coach of fifty years ago; then add a buggy-bed on behind and a carriage-bed under the driver's seat before, and with four or five horses attached, the odd-looking craft resembling a circus band-wagon on its way to meet another engagement is off. We *show* at Breg to-morrow evening at four o'clock.

25.—After an all-night and all-day's ride we arrive at Breg, a small town on the Rhone river in Switzerland, at the foot of the Tyrolese Alps. The Simplon Pass, over which the road leads, is a beautiful panorama of lofty mountain peaks, glaciers, cascades, and precipices a thousand feet deep. Some twenty-five miles of the distance from Arona a railroad might easily be built, but the rest of the way it would be extremely difficult, if not entirely impossible. The carriage road, however, the entire distance, nearly ninety miles, is good, and, for horses accustomed to travelling it, not necessarily dangerous. Whatever else they may do on the Continent, and through Europe gener-

ally, in an awkward and bungling manner, they can, and do, build good roads; but their diligences are unnecessarily clumsy and heavy, being alone a good load for two horses; then two men must accompany each one on every trip—the driver and a man to look after the driver, and do the extra *cussing* in Italian. The day was clear and pleasant, and, notwithstanding the fatigue of the night's ride, the journey was not devoid of interest; we often walked a mile or two to rest the horses, as well as ourselves, and to get a better view of the magnificent scenery, which was nature in her unbroken wildness. Soon after arriving at Breg I saw at the hotel a gentleman, whose face appeared familiar, and who, in a few minutes, spoke, calling me by name. I had known him, years before, west of the Mississippi, as a teacher and Methodist minister; he was making a tour of the country the same as myself, and we afterwards traveled a number of days together. It was no more remarkable that I should meet him here than that he should meet me, but, that we should thus meet so many thousand miles from home, was a surprise, and a coincident worthy of note. Your acquaintances never appear to so good an advantage as when you unexpectedly meet them, far from home, amongst strangers; you may never before have noticed anything particularly fascinating about their voice, but you are sure to make the discovery, after having for months heard little else than unintelligible sounds; it is like hearing one of your national airs, or seeing your country's flag; it never looks so interesting at home as abroad; you feel proud, and disposed to tell everybody you own it.

26.—Martigny is another played-out town, with nothing to interest any one, except the Durand Cascades, some five miles up in the mountains. It is well for the town that

these cascades are there ; they were there myriads of years before the town was, and probably suggested the idea of building the town here, and they certainly seem to be the means, to a great extent, of keeping it up, for nowhere on the Continent have the hotels appeared to be better patronized, and teams are much in demand to visit this strange, wild, and romantic place. Along the road at different points you will notice the cross, near which is posted a sign that gives you to understand that there is a fine of so many francs for driving by it in a trot. I presume they mean as we do by our notices on bridges, "not faster than a walk." At all events, the drivers, either from a fear of the law, or the devil, usually slacken their speed sufficiently to satisfy the most superstitious. Why they do not require trains to come to a full stop before passing I did not learn ; no doubt they often have railroad accidents. After going by carriage as far as horses can travel a company has had enterprise enough to build a foot-walk of boards on irons, in some places fastened in the sides of the perpendicular rock, directly over the yawning chasm, down which the water plunges and foams a thousand feet. For seeing this great natural show a franc is charged, and the company possibly do all they can to keep their walks and steps in safe repair, but in many places they are frail structures and show signs of decay, as the boards are kept constantly wet by the spray, where the sun has not shown for a thousand centuries. All of these towns and villages seem to have a plentiful supply of water from the melting snow and ice on the mountains ; hence the warmer the weather the higher the streams are ; and this appears to be quite convenient, particularly for the washer-woman, as it is usually only a few rods from their doors to a stream. We in America hear mention made of "Swiss laundries." Per-

haps it might be interesting to know just how these Swiss women do their washing. Having carried their soiled clothes to the stream, they wet the garment, soap it well, and use a large rock for a wash-board; that is, they wade in the stream, kneel, and rub the clothes on the rock; and this is a Swiss laundry. It is pretty large; in fact, you are in it all the time you are in the country, though sometimes you may be a mile or two away from where the washing is done. As I sat on the porch of the hotel looking at these washer-women I observed one of the waiters go to the stream some ten yards below them and fill his pitcher with water for the table; but some way I didn't feel at all thirsty, and then I thought this might be one of the places where it was unsafe to drink water.

27.—The journey from Martigny to Chamonix, over the Tete-Noir Pass, by carriages or mules, is tedious and in many places narrow and dangerous, leading near the brink of a fearful precipice—a feeling of insecurity that is in no degree lessened by having pointed out to you the places where other travellers lost their lives detracts greatly from the pleasure of the journey; and I was often forcibly impressed with the anecdote of the lady who, on crossing a dangerous river, asked the simple-minded ferryman if they lost many passengers there. “No,” he replied, “we generally find them.” But here they certainly would not be worth much even if they were found. Everything connected with the road and its conveyances is the worst I have seen in Europe. The whole day is required to make the trip, though the distance is probably not over twenty-five or thirty miles. I would advise all young men who think of making this journey to do so on foot, as in any event they will certainly be obliged to walk a part of

the distance and pay ten dollars for their passage besides. Then they can make the trip in much less time than is required for these mule-teams, and do so with much more safety even without a guide, though it would be best to not go alone, as in case of accidents or robbers.

This day was dark, cold, and misty, and we at one time rode through the clouds. It was interesting to see them form and float around and below us, but I felt no desire to take a ride on one of them; thought for safety over these mountain crags I should prefer a mule.

All through this section of country we noticed amongst the inhabitants an enlargement of the thyroid gland, known as goitre. Why it is so common here, particularly amongst women, it is difficult to determine. Many have attributed it to the use of snow water; others to the carbonate of lime, magnesia, or silica it contains, very probably the latter. Certain it is that this disease, or rather pathological condition, is so great in many instances as to amount to a great deformity. The only way it would seem that it could be rendered endurable would be to consider it fashionable. If they have already done this, then some of the women here are certainly in the style, for their necks and heads appear to be of equal thickness. Can't say I admire this style of beauty.

Chamonix is not a large town. It consists principally of mountains and cascades; but people from America, England, and France come here to enjoy the fine scenery and to escape the heat of summer; and the latter they do effectually, for fires and overcoats are indispensable to-day. But who would not feel chilly when every look from his window revealed mountains covered with snow and ice, though it might be, as it is, miles away? But then the quantity makes up for the distance. After look-

ing at it one instinctively courts the fire and calls for more wood, but fuel seems rather scarce, and seats near the fire greatly in demand. It is a pleasure, however, to know that it is there, though the sight affords more relief than all its heat.

28.—Looking at one of the glaciers of Mt. Blanc to-day, I concluded to take a walk there, supposing it might be a mile or two distant, but, after having been half an hour on the way, I sat down on a rock to discuss the matter as to whether the mountain was not moving faster than I was, as it certainly appeared further away than when I started; but, keeping on over deep gulches, on slender foot-walks, beneath which the cascades from the melting snow above plunged and thundered, along winding paths, through the forests, upwards and still upwards, for at least five miles, I at last come to the brink of the gorge, which seems to be a deep groove cut in the mountain side, near its base; this is probably a quarter of a mile in width and a hundred feet deep, widening and becoming shallower as it ascends, until there appears to be nothing but a solid body of ice and snow, resembling in its fantastic shapes an ice-gorge on some great river; as this thaws away from below the heavy body of snow and ice above, having no support, slides or settles down; this is the dreaded and dangerous avalanche, of which no conception can be formed without seeing the magnitude of this unparalleled freezer; miles in extent, and thousands of feet in height, so far above the clouds that no one but an idiot would think to ascend; it is nearly 16,000 feet above the level of the sea, 8,000 feet being about the snow-line; some 8,000 feet of this mountain, then, is not only covered with perpetual snow and ice, but, for anything we know to the contrary, is nothing else. It

is said that out of the thousands every summer who attempt its ascent only about fifty reach the top, and of these one-half never return alive; it has thirty-six glaciers, sixteen on the north and twenty on the south, and from these water enough is constantly flowing down its sides to turn the machinery of the world; the noise from these cascades is not like the heavy, dull roar of Niagara, but resembles that of a spring thaw, when all the streams are swollen. This is Mt. Blanc, the highest mountain in Europe—fearfully and awfully grand. The rains and suns of countless summers have failed to melt or soften its icy heart; what little impression they make during these summer months is overcome by the snows of winter, and so these will never all melt till the “crack of doom,” unless this cold, sedate monarch should some day wake up to the fact that it was a volcano. Wouldn't there be some steam and vapor, then, around its old bald head? Wouldn't there be some getting out of the way of the flood? The valley of Chamonix would be converted into a lake, and the village buried deeper in water than ever Pompeii was in ashes; but, as it is, Vesuvius excels in its specialty of fire and smoke, while Mt. Blanc is unequalled for snow and ice. Tunnels, caves, and arches have been excavated in and through the latter, and these, when lit up with lamps and candles, make a beautiful appearance; of course this work was not done for the pleasure connected with it; the admission fee of a franc was the incentive; whether this kind of hotel-keeping pays or not is questionable, though most of their earnings must be clear gain, as the outlay is principally for candles; their ice and water certainly cost them nothing, though the latter is by no means the national beverage.

29.—This morning a large party started, as on every fair day, for the Montanvert, *Mer-de-Glace*, or sea of glass, and Mauvais Pass. This mountain, from which these are viewed and crossed, is not so high, and more easy of access than Mt. Blanc; and as the trip can be made in one day, while the ascent of the latter requires three, provided you survive long enough to make it at all, many prefer the shorter journey. It is true some of the trips on Mt. Blanc are not long ones, but they often terminate rather abruptly. This journey is made with mules; price of each six francs; guides are plenty, who propose to lead your mule for six francs more; then they tell you it is impossible for you to get along without a long stick with a spike in the end, an Alpine stock, for the use of which they charge one-half franc; they also *sell you* for a franc a pair of socks to wear over your boots to prevent you from slipping on the ice, though these are so thin and worthless that two or three steps usually tear them all to pieces. Thus equipped and mounted, with women as well as men holding your mules, with six little sheep bells dangling from the old blind bridle, a fool to each mule, and including the rider, sometimes two, we start on our journey looking like a caravan of Arabs on the desert. The day was fine, not a cloud in sight; the high white mountain peaks glittering in the bright sunlight like tall monuments in the city of the dead. The distance to the head of *mule navigation* is about five miles, the path the greater part of the distance is serpentine, through a pine forest on the mountain's side. It is not necessarily dangerous, and yet lives are often lost in making the journey. On this occasion, shortly before reaching the top of the mountain, we came upon a number of persons by the roadside, surrounding the body of a large man to whom they were attempting to administer some

stimulant. I immediately dismounted, and upon going to the spot found the man was dead. As none of his companions could speak English it was difficult to get at the facts connected with his death, but from his appearance I inferred he had been subject to epilepsy; that the fatigue of the journey, and great elevation, had induced an attack, causing him to fall amongst the rocks, producing concussion of the brain. Luckily this occurred near the terminus of the road, and the body was carried by guides to the solitary hotel that stands there overlooking the glacier; and I would here warn any one affected with any organic disease of the heart, troubled with epilepsy, or having any predisposition to apoplexy, against making a journey to the top of high mountains, as they will find their breathing so laboured, and the heart and lungs called upon to do double duty, the circulation thus being greatly increased; if any defect in these organs exist, the result may be fatal.

One curious feature about this mule travel, or rather about the mule himself, is, that he thinks his judgment about the road of much more value than that of his rider, and he certainly does know how to save himself; the path being serpentine is steeper next the mountain than the outside of the circle; this the mule knows very well, and he would rather travel on the easy grade though he had to go further; in doing this he will often walk so near the edge of the precipice that the earth will crumble and give way beneath his feet; and sometimes, as if to test the courage of his rider, he will reach over the cliff to nip the leaves of some bush that may attract his attention. On such an occasion, one of our party thinking his mule was certainly going over, and not being able to move him from his perilous position, concluded to move himself backward from the saddle over the mule's tail, lighting on the opposite

side of the road, to the great amusement of the party, and relief to himself; he said he did not belong to the mule, and if his majesty was determined to break his own neck, he could do so without company. There is little use in trying to control these animals, they are much like the people, they have a certain way of doing a thing, and will do it that way or not at all; you may scold, kick, and whip as much as you please, but they have their gait, and only express their contempt by setting their ears back; then they are such experts with their feet you never know where or when you are safe; so they have things pretty much their own way, and if you do not like it you can get off and walk. The crossing of the glacier (*Mer-de-Glace*) with a good guide is neither difficult nor dangerous, while that of Mt. Blanc is both; it is not at the place of crossing over a quarter of mile in width; the ice is white and very hard; in some places crevices several inches wide are observed, such as occur in large rocks; how deep some of these are, there is no means of knowing; they are usually filled with clear, ice cold water, as all that flows from these glaciers is; but the fall being so great, over the rocks, and a kind of gray, soft gravel, by the time it reaches the larger streams in the valleys, it in color and appearance resembles soap-suds. All the large streams here are of this character, and they foam and dash over their rocky beds with a current perfectly fearful.

After crossing this sea of glass, any one wishing to do so can descend to the foot of the mountain by the *Mauvais Pass*; this walk, a good part of the way, consists of steps cut in the side of the almost perpendicular rock, to the face of which, also, an iron railing or rod has been fastened, and which, from its smooth appearance, has received many a warm embrace. You will find here and there

along this perilous journey parties, who purport to be workmen, cleaning or fixing the walk, for which, of course, they expect a few *centimes*, but whether they are making it better or worse you usually do not stop to investigate. Ladies sometimes descend by this pass, though it requires a good deal of nerve and a clear head, but it is wonderful to what extent this faculty may be cultivated; you become so accustomed to climbing mountains, looking down chasms, and over precipices, that, in some, caution gives place to recklessness. For my own part, I never disposed of all my timidity; I thought a certain amount of it better to me than a life policy, even though some of my friends might think differently. The view is picturesque and beautiful, provided you are not too much interested about your own safety to enjoy it; one seldom sees beauty when his neck is in danger.

30.—The journey from Chamonix to Geneva, a distance of about fifty miles, is made by diligence; the road is safe and good, and there is no good reason why a railroad should not be built. All along this route, as on others through Switzerland, the natives have an eye to business. Children sing for you, or make a noise they call singing; women sell you unripe pears and plums, while an odd-looking genius posts himself by the roadside and blows his long Alpine horn, that you may hear its echoes in the mountains; this is all very kind of them, but it is not merely done for their health—a few *centimes*, if you please.

Geneva is a pretty city of about 70,000 inhabitants, situated on a lake of the same name, and on either bank of the River Rhone, in a delightful valley, with mountain peaks in the distance, amongst which the bald head of Mt.

Blanc is still conspicuous, and as the rays of the sun, as it retires behind the western hills, are reflected from its summit, it may well be discouraged that, while for a thousand centuries it has warmed and invigorated all else in nature, it has shown here to little purpose. A good deal of enterprise and modern taste are exhibited in Geneva, and English is spoken in shops, hotels, and offices more generally than in any city, perhaps, on the Continent; what connection there may be between the language and the energy I am not prepared to say. Besides, the citizens dress with more taste, and the ladies appear more civilized. It is delightful for a summer resort or a summer residence, and for this reason many come here from France, Italy, and England to escape the heated term in those countries. How the climate may be other seasons I have no means of knowing, but at this time it is quite cool, so that fires and winter clothing are not at all uncomfortable. The manufacture of musical instruments, particularly music-boxes, seems to be an industry here; some of these are very fine, and in price vary all the way from \$2.00 to \$500; they have musical writing desks, musical bottles, and even chairs that play when any one sits on them.

The manufacture and trade in watches, also, is extensive; but, owing to the high price, it is more than likely that many of those we see offered for sale in our shops as of Geneva manufacture were never imported; there is no good reason why a Swiss (watch) should be better than an American, the works are usually smaller and the price much higher than with us. Many Englishmen are employed in the factories here, and to such an extent that I am almost disposed to think that, since the American and Swiss watches have been, to some extent, superseding the English make, English manufacturers have come here to

make watches for the London trade, for, as a rule, English merchants and jewellers are honest; they would not sell you a watch for Geneva make that was not, if they knew it, and they assured me here, as well as in London, that they could not successfully compete with America in the watch trade; that we made a better watch for the money than they could, and yet people will buy watches in Geneva, and take the chances of escaping the duty. Upon the whole, I rather like Geneva; perhaps it is because, there being more English spoken here, one feels more at home, though French is the prevailing language, not only here, but in most of the large cities of Switzerland. Their shops and stores are numerous and well supplied with articles, ornamental and useful; having occasion to buy a few steel pens they sold me Gillott's American make; their mode of trading, too, is more like ours. All through Italy, if you buy an article for, say, three francs, and you give the shop-keeper a five-franc piece to change, he does not hand you back two francs, keeping three for himself, but gives you the whole five back again in small change, out of which you are to return him his three; this appears an awkward way of doing business, but it is the custom of the country. In paying for some washing at Rome I gave some money to the woman, out of which I expected her to take her pay; she returned what I supposed to be the change, which, without thinking, I put in my pocket and walked off, but she followed me, keeping up such an Italian racket that I concluded she must be a lunatic, who was just having one of her spells; but a servant, who could speak a little English, gave me to understand the cause of her attack. A gentleman of our party gave a barber money for shaving him, and when the change, as he supposed, was returned he put it in his purse and walked out

of the shop; the barber followed, talking and scolding, which, of course, to our friend was all Greek. An officer was called; the barber wanted his customer arrested, and he, in turn, demanded the arrest of the barber, but an interpreter finally made the necessary explanation.

31.—They show you here the old church where John Calvin preached, and the house where he lived over 300 hundred years ago. It is an odd, old-fashioned brick structure, with steep roof and small windows, and by no means an inviting looking residence for a celebrated clergyman of the present day, though no doubt there was a time when it was thought to be palatial; but I am inclined to think if John were to return now he would not be disposed to occupy his old house until there were some alterations made on it. He would find that since it was built as much improvement had been made in dwellings as on the theology he preached, and he would scarcely know the latter. Whether he could well be considered a reformer, or whether the doctrine he advocated was an improvement on that he condemned is a matter of opinion. Such men as he, Robert Knox, and Martin Luther, get people to thinking in new channels, and the agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom, though change is not always either progress or improvement.

September 1.—The country from Geneva to Berne is probably the best part of Switzerland. The distance is 150 miles, and the scenery up the beautiful blue lake of Geneva is very fine. Berne is not so large or so pretty as Geneva; population probably 40,000; it is the capital of Switzerland, and, apart from this, has for the sight-seer very little of interest. This day was dark, cold, and wet,

and as some of our party seemed not to know what we had stopped here for I suggested it might be to sleep, as the place appeared to be a success for this purpose. Of course, they have a cathedral on exhibition; for what continental city has not? This is some 400 years old. But there is a sameness about the interior of all of them that soon becomes tiresome. As uninteresting, however, as this city appears, the hotels are well filled with English and Americans, who keep it in the summer from going into bankruptcy. How the inhabitants subsist during their long winters I do not care to stay to find out. The climate at this season of the year is pleasant enough, but their cooking at the hotels is inexcusably miserable, and this appears to be universal all over the Continent. There is one dish you find everywhere; it is more common than all others, and consists of *empty plates*. I should think it requires about five hundred of these at every dinner for a small party. It may be very nice to see the waiters with their swallow-tail coats and white aprons prancing round placing and replacing empty dishes, but I never saw a hungry man enjoy it much. An American usually feels that his life is too short to be spent in this way. He means business, and when he sits down to a table he wants to eat, and wishes it to be distinctly understood he is there for that purpose, and not to witness a circus or panorama, and be obliged to wait on servants who should wait on him.

2.—The first twenty-five miles from Berne to Interlaken is made by rail; then some ten miles by boat on the beautiful Lake Thune; then again by railroad, on curiously constructed double decked cars, that carry as many passengers on the top as inside, and gives them an opportunity to throw something at the engineer if in case of accident they should want

the train stopped; for nowhere in Europe, so far as I have seen, are there any bells on locomotives, bell cords through the cars as with us, or any other way by which a passenger can signal the engineer to stop, though on some trains they may have electric bells, but not one in ten persons would know how or where to ring them; you are not only shut in your cab, but locked in, and if you should be taken sick, or should be locked up with a suspicious, disagreeable customer, or a lady should find herself alone with such a travelling companion, I doubt if she would enjoy the journey very much; and yet this often happens, as there is frequently but one or two persons in a compartment; and the distance between stations is often long and lonesome; and if the journey should be at night, or through tunnels, so much the more interesting. They have no system of checking baggage through, as with us; you must have it weighed like a barrel of pork, and registered; and for this you are obliged to pay according to weight, distance, value, &c.; this requires time, and in order to have it done you must be at the station long before the train starts; it is a dreadfully tedious custom, and one that would not be tolerated with us six months; but it is all of a piece with many others; it is usual at a station, after spending half an hour weighing baggage (luggage as they call it), for a bell on the depot to ring, then some fellow blows a little dog whistle, the engineer's whistle is then sounded, and the dog whistle is blown again, then the train starts; and though there seem to be about half a dozen or more conductors, or something of the kind, guards they call them, to each train, you see no more of them until you stop at the next station, unless one happens to crawl along the outside of the car and poke his head through the window, as they sometimes do to ask for your tickets. You have no water or other accommo-

dations more than in a common road carriage, and not half as much, for the latter can be stopped at will. But they have a custom here in Interlacken that beats all these, they tax every guest that stops at one of their hotels half a franc every night, because a band is playing somewhere in their town, it makes no difference whether you hear it or not; they say you might have done so, and therefore you must pay the dime all the same. Their music is, I presume, going on now while I write, but I prefer to pay my ten cents for the privilege of staying in my room, for the night is wet, and so cold that I write with two coats on and am still far from comfortable; but no wonder when you can see snow on the mountains in every direction. I congratulate myself they don't require me to go to hear their band play, as well as to exact the pay for it; the latter is bad enough without the other infliction. I am glad also that they do not expect me to pay for every night I have not heard it, or will not hear it in the future.

3.—Interlacken is not a city, or even a large town, unless you count in the mountains; it is a small village of *hotels*, very pleasantly situated in a narrow valley, between the lakes Thune and Brienz; it seems principally to derive its support from tourists, who resort here to escape the heat of summer; and this we are certainly doing to-day, for it is not only cool, but cold, requiring a good fire, around which there appears to be quite a lively competition for seats. What will become of these hotels in the winter is hard to conjecture; guess they will have to be closed, and their proprietors go to hunting the chamois on the mountains. It would seem as if this was a great business here, for they show you more chamois horns than there are goats of this kind in Switzerland; think they

must have some way of manufacturing these, and if you do not know the false from the genuine, they answer every purpose; they have them on umbrellas, canes, and toys, and yet you rarely see any of these little animals that furnish so many bushels of horns. They kept one for exhibition in a little shanty by the roadside up the Montanvert, where they sold beer and wine, and charged you half a franc for a sight of the goat; some of the party invested in both the wine and the exhibition. I preferred to stay with my mule; thought he was goat enough for me; think the chamois must have had the same idea, for it stood up on its hind feet and put its head and neck out of an open window within a few feet of me, so that I saw the show on a free ticket. There are hundreds of the common domestic goats all through this country, and rather suspect they furnish the trade with most of the *chamois* horns; they seem to be indigenous, and rather a necessary institution, here, for what else but a goat could subsist on these barren hillsides; they eat the coarse verdure, and the natives eat them; a wise provision of Providence, you say; yes, rather lucky for the Swiss, but pretty rough for the goat.

4.—After two days of rain this morning is bright and clear, and the snowy peaks of the Bernese Alps glisten in the bright sunlight like crystal palaces of some Magi of the upper air. We start in carriages to visit the wonderful glacier of Grindelwald. After a three hours' ride up a beautiful valley, with high mountains and cascades on every side, we leave our teams and ascend the mountain still further on foot. The ice seems to be close at hand, but it requires a tiresome walk of an hour to reach it; it appears clearer and harder than that of Mt. Blanc, but here, as there, some enterprising genius, with an eye for

business, has run a tunnel, some eight feet high and six in width, a hundred feet or more into the solid ice, and lit it up with lamps; of course he charges you a franc for walking in; he might just as easily have extended it a mile or two, for it would stand a thousand years, unless an earthquake broke it to pieces. Why don't he start an ice-cream saloon in here? The ice would cost nothing, and goat's milk is plenty in the valley; but the Switzer, like the Italian, thinks more about his wine, beer, and sour bread; the Italian cuts a slice of the latter and feeds it to his mule, and then helps himself. I had formerly supposed a mule had some sense, but when I saw him eat that bread I lost all confidence in his judgment; an ostrich might possibly digest it, and might take kindly to it, if it had been a number of days without a square meal of glass and old iron, but it looks kind of bad for a mule. Ladders can be had here to climb the glacier, and any one who wishes can break his neck for a small fee; but for my own part, having but one neck, and no insurance on that, the inducement is not sufficient to take the risks; besides, I had seen about enough of glaciers to last me the balance of my life; whether one would be a welcome sight in the next world or not, I can't say, but if I should ever encounter excessive heat anywhere, I shall think of the days spent on these icy mountains, and defy sunstroke. A few hours later to-day a young Englishman, by the name of Latham, lost his life here by falling into a deep gorge, and his body was not found till next morning. I wonder this ice is not quarried out like rock, and shipped all over southern Europe; there is enough here to supply the world. This attempt may have been made at one time, for some of the iron rails and cross-ties of an old railroad or incline plane are still to be seen up the mountain. Why did the enterprise fail? Was

there no demand, or could they make their artificial stuff more cheaply? Don't think they appreciate ice much in this country, or water either; if this glacier were of frozen wine or lager beer, the whole mountain would soon be cut in blocks and shipped away; nature made a great mistake in not furnishing a few cascades of beer and wine, instead of so much water—something that nobody seems to want; wonder even if they ever utilize their splendid water power for machinery. I see no mills or factories run by it; yet the fall of some streams must be 1,000 feet to the mile, and scarcely any less than 100. A celebrated mountain, in full view from Interlacken, is the Jung Frau, or Young Wife; I do not think the title appropriate; it looks too cold and distant; think old frau would do better; from what it derives its name I could not learn; perhaps from some tradition, as this whole country is filled with these.

5.—The journey from Interlacken to Lucerne is made by rail and steamer to Brienz and by carriages over the Brunig Pass to Alpnacht. These carriages are curiously constructed; they have seats on the top like London tramway cars, but, unlike them, have no stairways to get up; they carry a ladder, which every one who prefers a deck passage is obliged to climb, and when the craft stops this ladder is again put in position for you, if so disposed, to descend. It is a novel way, particularly to ladies, of loading and unloading; but then they do things in a strange way here. On arriving at Alpnacht, on the Lake of the Four Cantons, we leave our double-decked overland schooners for the steamer, and here on the shore of the lake, at a little frame hotel, or beer saloon, a St. Bernard dog acted as waiter or runner. He interviewed every passenger and gave them a hearty welcome and cordial invi-

tation to go in and have something to drink. We had no trouble in understanding him, for his language was natural, while that of the proprietor was entirely incomprehensible. I told this very affable dog I was very much obliged to him, but like himself I never drank anything but water; still, he seemed to think I might go in; he would go towards the door and look to see if I followed; then return and again walk towards the house and look for me; he had less trouble with some of the party, and succeeded in getting most of them inside; the temptation to follow him was very great, much more so than if he had been a paid servant speaking a language you could not understand. He did his work well, and was so good natured about it that I felt disposed to give him half a franc, knowing that all the servants of Europe expect a fee.

The scenery over the Pass is lovely—mountains, valleys, lakes, and cascades, all combined to make it unequalled in Switzerland. All day long you never lose sight of snow and ice—in some places hundreds of feet in thickness, and in others in isolated drifts in the mountain gorges. But the sight of this, together with the sound of sleigh-bells, a string of which the driver never fails to put on every horse in the team, reminds one of mid-winter, though the sun may be shining warm and brightly in the valleys. Ten hours are required to make this journey, and, as the day was fine, it was one of the most pleasant spent in Europe.

6.—Lucerne is rather a pretty city of about 14,000 inhabitants, situated on the Lake of the Four Cantons and the Reuss river, and, like all other cities in this locality at this season of the year, it is filled with tourists for their health and pleasure. To-day being pleasant we ascend the Rigi, a high mountain in sight of Lucerne, though eight or nine miles distant. We reach its base by steamer on

the lake to Vitznau, and its top by open cars pushed up an incline plane of four inches to the foot by a curiously-constructed locomotive. The grade is fearfully steep, and it throws a chill over the passenger on looking out to see if the car is suspended in mid air or resting on something permanent. For five or six weeks I had schooled myself in looking down deep gorges and chasms, but my courage was taxed to its utmost here by sometimes not being able to see any bottom. The road, however, appears to be well built, and accidents rarely occur. The Rigi is not quite 6,000 feet in height, and therefore below the snow line; but being almost entirely surrounded by lakes the fine view from its top is unobstructed by other mountains, and is superlatively lovely. This is a great resort for tourists, and the hotels at the summit furnish accommodations for several thousands. In the summer they are well patronized, but during the long winters they, as well as the road, must be dead stock. Many stay over night here to see the sun rise, but as it is cloudy, misty, or raining two days out of every three, very few are so fortunate, and it scarcely pays to spend so much of your life here waiting for a clear morning, and then, if one should come, find that you have been soundly sleeping. When the clouds and mist clear away the lakes appear as green as the foliage that covers the mountains. Cities and hamlets deck the valleys that stretch miles on miles away with snowy Alpine peaks in the back-ground, and as the bright sunshine, like a calcium light, is thrown on the picture below it is like the changes of a kaleidoscope or the phantom visions of a fairy land. One thing that attracted my attention in this mountainous region is the number and variety of beautiful flowers. Why do they select this cold, chilly atmosphere to

* * * * * "Blush unseen,
And waste their sweetness on the desert air?"

Do they prefer to live, and even if need be to die, in retirement, unless some one comes who can appreciate them? Guess they have no choice in the matter; they merely grow here because they can't help it, being indigenous to this peculiar soil and atmosphere; and wherever this combination of causes exists we shall find these same flowers. Here, too, is that strange white, velvety, star-shaped flower, if flower it can be called—the Edelweiss; it evidently belongs to the family *immortalis*, and is never found, I believe, except in the vicinity of perpetual snow. They appear to be held in high estimation, perhaps because they are so rare. They are gathered by the peasants and sold to the “innocents” for a franc each; of course we invested. The Eye-bright (*Euphrasia Officinalis*), with its small white blossoms, is scattered like the snow on every hand, as well as the low evergreen shrub called Ling, that much resembles the Scotch hether, but it is not so tall, and in places covers acres of the mountain sides with its little purple flowers. These and many others are strewn over these crags, lending their variegated tints to embellish for the eye of the wanderer this picture in nature's gallery.

7.—Lucerne, as well as the surrounding country, is filled with traditions of William Tell, Arnold Winkelried, Pontius Pilate, and last, but not least, St. Nicholas, Nicholas, or Nicolas, or old Santa Claus, the patron saint of children and Christmas. A little chapel on a rock near the lake shore has been erected to this saint, who, tradition tells us, was born somewhere near this region; that he had ten children, but abandoned all of them to live the life of a hermit in these mountains, and that now, in expiation of his crime in neglecting his own children, he strives to make others happy by climbing down chimneys annually to dis-

tribute presents. The story is rather thin, but still it is the legend, and as plausible as many others. Certainly, if every one who neglects his family in this world was obliged in the next to return and do some good it would be a wise administration of affairs and a utilizing of otherwise waste material. It is extremely doubtful if any such personage as the fabled St. Nicholas ever lived, but they have his bones all the same in a church at Sachseln and his portrait in various places.

In a valley near the lake they also point out a spot where it is said Tell made his famous shot at the apple; and some old ruins are referred to as the remains of Gessler's fort. A tall mountain, rising abruptly from the lake, is called Mt. Pilatus, and of course it has its tradition, which is, that after the crucifixion, Pontius Pilate left Jerusalem and wandered to this mountain, that "coward conscience" urged him to commit suicide by plunging into the lake.

And still it is said, when day has fled,
And moonbeams gild the night,
His spirit walks, and wildly talks,
Upon this giddy height.

Life is too short to spend in the attempt to refute these old legends, though it might require much more time to prove their authenticity; still, as traditions, they do well enough, but the man who believed them died many years ago and left no descendants. It is not surprising, however, that an ignorant and superstitious peasantry, in a country so wild and romantic, should have many traditions as wild as their mountains. In the park, or Glacier Garden, they have a very good representation of a dead lion, 28 feet long, pierced by an arrow. The figure is cut in the side of a perpendicular rock, and is intended to commemorate the Swiss guard who fell in defending Louis XVI against the

mob at Paris, in 1792. This Glacier Garden is one of the greatest curiosities in nature's museum, and the only thing of the kind probably in the world; it is referred to by geologists as the most conclusive proof extant of the glacial period, when the whole surface of the earth was covered with ice hundreds of feet in thickness; and not only a proof of this, but an evidence of the great antiquity of the earth itself, as millions upon millions of years would be required to produce such phenomena as are here to be witnessed; cavities in the solid rock, from eight to fifteen feet in depth, and at the top more than this in diameter, as round and smooth as a bowl or chemist's mortar, have been worn, as is supposed, by huge boulders weighing many tons, carried by the ice from remote regions, and by their great weight, and the pressure of the moving ice, have served as a pestle in this "mill of the gods." These mills have long since ceased to grind, but there lay the boulders on the bottom of the bowls they have made; no such rocks are to be found in the surrounding country. Where did they come from, or how came they here? Geologists tell us that at a remote period this old globe of ours had a collision; that there was something on the track; that the engineer never whistled "down breaks," or reversed his engine, but crashed right into a comet, or some other wanderer, reversing the earth's axis, and changing its zones from torrid to frigid; hence all life, animal and vegetable, was frozen and its surface converted into one vast glacier. Some evidence of this exists in the fact of the remains of the elephant and other tropical animals, as well as plants having been found in the extreme north imbedded in solid ice. Were they carried there as the boulders have been here? This, scientists will not admit, as the evidence goes to show the motion to have been from north to south. If this circumstance

ever did take place it must have been a cold day for somebody. Will it ever occur again? I probably know as much about it as any one, and that is simply nothing at all. Of course, every one who comes to Lucerne must go to hear the great church organ; it is played every evening at six o'clock, admission one franc. The evening was bright and starlight when we entered, but after listening for some time to the music, I conceived that a storm was approaching, it seemed to grow more terrific, the wind and thunder, and even I fancied the large rain drops could be plainly heard without; I thought what a mistake I had made in coming without an umbrella, and wondered how we could get back to the hotel; for a time I forgot the organ and thought only of the storm, but it was not long till I forgot the storm and thought of the organ.

But to-morrow we leave Switzerland, with its vine-clad and snow-capped mountains, its blue lakes, cascades, and honest, simple-minded people. How they lived years ago, before tourists came amongst them, is hard to comprehend, since so much of their support now appears to be derived from that source; stage, railroad, and steamboat lines are in the trade of carrying passengers alone, and all classes are more or less interested. The country, as a cold, rocky, mountainous region, is a success; but for agricultural purposes, or as a residence for anything but goats, it is, and must forever remain, a complete failure.

8.—This morning we leave Lucerne for Paris; the journey is long and tiresome, requiring sixteen hours. We pass the lake and plain of Simpax, where—

Under the oaks of Simpax
The Switzers knelt in prayer,
And swore upon their sword hilts
The oath their fathers swear.

We bid good-bye to the Bernese Oberland, whose white summits, still glittering in the sunlight, are fading from view, but not from memory. So unlike the rest of earth, but, like the moon—cold, barren, desolate, and majestic in their dignity, unmindful of the races of men who, like ants, live and die, and mingle with the dust at their base, their recollection will fade only as life fades into that dreamless slumber that knows no waking. The country on this journey is much the best, and the best cultivated of any yet visited in this part of Europe, though this may be owing to the fact that it is more susceptible of cultivation. The farms are larger, or, at least, appear to be; but as no fences are observed, it is difficult to judge as to their size. I should think, however, they were much larger than those of Switzerland, where, if a farmer should slip on his steep mountain side, as he is constantly liable to do, he would be likely to fall from his own farm on to that of his neighbor or the land beyond. What would these people think, were I to tell them one western farm in the United States was almost as large as their whole kingdom; that some farmers plant in a single season from one to three thousand acres of corn, and where you might sow all their goats and they could not be found with a microscope? I presume they would give me credit for one thing—that of being the champion liar; but I prefer not to give them information they cannot appreciate. Let them dig around their rocks; I can stand it, if they can. There is nothing like being contented; it is not the size of a man's farm, or of his purse, that affords him happiness so much as his capacity to be contented. If a peasant's happiness consists in three or four acres of ground, most of it set on one end, three dogs, six goats, and twelve children, there is no fear of any of my readers in America migrating to buy him

out; emigration, on the contrary, is principally in the opposite direction. We arrive at Paris at eleven o'clock to-night too tired to think of anything but sleep.

9.—We rode all day through the streets of Paris, visiting its places of interest. In regard to its beauty, it depends entirely on taste; no one will deny it is a beautiful city; still, one might like Edinburg better, or another, Florence, but take a part of these two cities, add a few of the wide avenues of Washington, some of the narrow, filthy streets of Brussels, Rome, or Naples, and a portion of the factories of London, and you have an idea of Paris, so that all tastes may be suited, either in regard to the city itself, or to anything that money can buy. One of the places visited was the *Hotel des Invalides*. We must not get the impression that this is a house of entertainment, for the word hotel is applied in France to other public buildings as well; but it is an hospital for invalid soldiers, or soldiers' home, in a part of which is the tomb of the Emperor Napoleon. It is an immense structure, built by Louis XIV; its tall gilt spire serves like a beacon-light to direct the bewildered stranger through the streets of the city; the tomb itself is strangely constructed of reddish-brown Russian marble, and, instead of being elevated above, is below the level of the floor; there is a round excavation, like an immense bowl, some fifteen feet in depth and perhaps fifty in diameter, around which there is a railing; you come to this and look down on probably the grandest tomb ever built for mortal. If Caesar was slain for his ambition, it was probably as well that Napoleon was exiled for the same, for he was not only ambitious, but a truly dangerous and wonderful man; a born commander and master-mind, the world has witnessed but few such reck-

less, restless spirits, who, like comets without orbits, run lawless through the political universe. Men and nations feared him while living, and his influence when dead, for he bequeathed his heart to his wife, Maria Louisa, but the authorities of St. Helena would not consent to its removal to Europe, perhaps fearing it might revive in some other heart the spirit of adventure that once animated it.

No other man ever carved such a tomb as this with his sword, and certainly none with his pen. But for myself, I would rather have a temple of learning dedicated to my memory than to have the loftiest monument that ever pierced the clouds for warrior's fame. I would rather a free school-house should bear my name than any church, cathedral, or monastery. For education is the cause of civilization, and the latter will always be found to exist in exact proportion to the general diffusion of the former. A great many old soldiers are in this home, and a few are still left who fought with Napoleon at Waterloo, but, like our old veterans of 1812, they are fast passing away and answering to the roll-call on the other side.

M. Thiers, who was mainly instrumental in having the remains of Napoleon brought here after they had been buried on the island for nineteen years, has himself only a modest tomb in Pere la Chaise, though it is said his remains are soon to be removed to the Pantheon. The guide pointed out his tomb, and told us if we wished a piece of the silk gown, or shroud, in which he was dressed for burial, he knew of a friend who had some, and after a few minutes' delay he and his friend appeared with the goods, a small piece of which, two inches square, they proposed to sell for a franc. I thought it probable there might be a factory somewhere running day and night to supply these relics, and concluded not to invest. In this remarkable

cemetery, which for want of room will soon be abandoned as a place of interment, a large sepulchre is conspicuous as being that of Abelard and Heloise. It is enclosed by an iron railing, inside of which, on its four sides, are beds of blooming flowers. The city probably keeps these in such a fine state of cultivation, and for the same reason, too, that brings so many tourists here because of the romance that has followed these names down through the uncertainties of 700 years. "Here," said the guide, "is the tomb of the two greatest lovers of the world." But I thought that thousands, with as much love and less heartless selfishness than Abelard, have lived and died—thousands even who—never told their love; they sleep in every church-yard, yet no spacious monuments tell where. I have very little respect for the memory of any one who will let his theology control his humanity. Abelard, if his history has been correctly given, was an ingrate and a coward, who preferred to be base rather than to not be zealous.

10.—As we had spent some weeks in Switzerland viewing nature in her unbroken wildness, the cathedrals and art galleries of Italy had been quite forgotten, but Paris duplicates the whole thing. Notre Dame church, built some 700 years ago, and in which Napoleon and Josephine were married, is, even for this age, a fine piece of architecture; but then building costly churches and castles was about the only thing in which the ancients excelled us. This was well illustrated to-day on visiting the Museum of the Louvre and Luxembourg Gallery. In the former is one of the finest collection of paintings by Rubens, Murillo, Veronese, and other "old masters," to be found probably in the world, as well as sculpture so ancient that the author is unknown; but the exhibition of modern art in the latter, to my mind,

as far surpasses them as "daylight doth a lamp." But how their colors will compare in durability in three or four hundred years remains to be seen. I may not be a judge of these matters; I certainly am not if others are who seem so much to admire them. They tell me this taste has to be cultivated. Yes, and so has the taste for tobacco, though most persons who acquire it are at first nauseated. So am I sick of the "old masters," and don't think it will pay to cultivate their acquaintance. Thé most of their work here, as elsewhere, is a creation of their own brains. It resembles the original only in their imagination. But the representation of "breaking prairie" with three yoke of oxen, with driver and ploughman, by Rosa Bonheur, is so natural, it takes me home from the shadow on the canvas to the original, as I have often seen it in the "boundless West." No, no; give me modern art; I may be no judge of the beautiful, but I know what suits me.

I said anything could be had for money in Paris. *Yes, horse meat, if you want it. We passed a butcher's shop to-day where they kept and sold no other kind of meat. Some of the party suggested that we go in and have some ordered for lunch, but I did not just then feel hungry; think the idea may have been all-sufficient. It may be well enough, but some way I concluded to stick to hard-bread breakfasts and *table d'hôte*, as mean as they are, a few days longer. It is said they kill and eat about 9485 horses, over 300 donkeys, and 40 mules every year in Paris, or, altogether of these varieties of horseflesh, nearly 5,000,000 pounds. It is thought to be one-third cheaper than either beef or mutton, from which it would appear that horses, either living or dead, must be at a fearful discount, or sheep and cattle dreadfully high. They should serve up this horse meat at their *table d'hôtes*; don't think either could

be spoiled much. The Commune, ten years ago, played havoc with Paris. The Column Vendome has been rebuilt, but some of the finest public buildings in the city, or in the world, have been totally destroyed and are now ruins, their charred and naked walls alone being left. What a mob expects to gain by the destruction of property, either public or private, is something not easily explained. To destroy the property of another would seem to be a slow way to enrich any one. If their object was to get employment in rebuilding what they had destroyed they have had many idle days since; but it is not likely that it was the industrious laborers that did this mischief. Such men are usually honest. It was the idle, lazy, and dissolute, that numerous class, the foundation of whose creed is to work one day and rest six, who are reckless what they do "to spite the world."

11.—I walked up the Champs Elysees to-day, which leads from the Tuileries Gardens to the Arch de Triomphe, a distance of nearly two miles; as a drive, a street, or a walk, it is probably unequalled in the world. It was constructed by Napoleon at a cost of over \$2,000,000; the Arch, occupying very high ground, and being itself 150 feet in height, gives from its top a very fine view of the great city that spreads out in every direction. Radiating from this point, like so many spokes in a wheel, are fourteen wide streets, boulevards, and avenues, each with from two to four rows of trees, and dotted all over with thousands of moving vehicles that look, in the distance, like so many flies in a window. This arch is built of dressed stone, and decorated inside and out, in high or bold relief, with scenes illustrating the battles and victories of the first Napoleon. When, a few years ago, the victorious Ger-

mans took possession of the city they refused to march under the Arch, but passed down on one side of it; they displayed good sense and dignity, however, in not disfiguring or disturbing it in any way; had such a triumphant entry occurred half a century ago, and the Arch then been standing, it would in all probability have been razed to the foundation. So it would seem general education is elevating, and even humanizing, war itself. I am rarely fascinated with anything at first sight, and never because others admire it, but I like Paris the more I see of it, and much better just now than its weather. We encountered dust in Italy, snow in Switzerland, and rain here and in Scotland. If they had as great a variety in weather as in streets and shops, any one might be suited, but in this, like their cooking, the city seems to be a failure. We hear in America a great deal said of French cooking, and it is something that persons who have tried it are liable to talk about; but any western farmer's wife with us can get up a meal that would make a French cook ashamed of himself, and that would be pretty hard to do; she may not be so efficient in handling plates or uncorking wine bottles, but she would cook a meal that would satisfy any human appetite while he would be arranging his napkins and dishes. One of our party remarked that some hotel keepers in New York were trying to adopt the French style of cooking, as well as the European *table d'hôte* dinners; I told him I would run much faster to such a man's funeral than to assist in putting out a fire in his hotel. But it is said the restaurants here are the places to test the quality of their cooking; and it may be possible, if you would order your breakfast the evening before, and stay up all night to see that they prepared what you had ordered, and then order your dinner while eating your

breakfast, you might be better served, but the fare at about three of these "first-class" hotels would starve a man to death, and still doctors will advise their patients to go to Europe for their health. Bosh!

12.—Paris differs in many respects from any other city on either Continent; its buildings are lower and more uniform; there are more tall houses on one street in Naples or Chicago than can be found in the entire city. There are very few red brick buildings to be seen; the houses are constructed principally of stone, or a yellowish brick, and finished on the outside with cement or plaster, resembling stone, of a yellowish-white color; some might object to this sameness, but the architecture is usually fine, and you hear little but praise in regard to it. There are, it is said, about 90,000 dwelling houses in the city, and they have a law regulating the height of the building by the width of the street on which it stands; this makes a uniformity rarely seen elsewhere. On streets above 65 feet wide the height must not exceed the 65 feet, and no buildings are to have more than seven stories, while very few, if any, have so many, three or four being about the average. The streets are principally paved with stone blocks, covered with a thick coating of cement that wears, by constant travel and wet, into a thin paste, not deep, but very disagreeable on a wet day. I should judge this, in general, to be a dear market; you do not meet with the staid, candid, square-dealing Londoner here; you must rely on your own judgment, and, if that is defective, it is best to buy as little as possible, and never from any one who cannot speak English, unless you have a good knowledge of French. They post "English spoken" in their shop windows, but they do not say where. I asked a clerk in French if he spoke

English; he answered me in English: "Not much;" and this I soon found was about the extent of his English and my French.

There are English mercantile houses here that sell nothing but goods of English, Irish, or Scotch manufacture; they appear to keep almost everything that might be called for, but it must bear the English brand. If you inquire for Brussels, Venetian, or French lace, they tell you, very decidedly, they keep Irish lace only. It is not necessary that they should have the card "English spoken" posted in the window, since all their employes seem to be of the same nationality as their goods, though many of them speak French. They have "Old England" in large letters on the house, and it is quite a treat to find yourself surrounded by the English-speaking, polite clerks of both sexes, who appear to be equally pleased at the opportunity of conversing with some one who can understand them. No doubt many English people trade here that they may tell at home their purchases were made in Paris; at least this would be the case with Americans. The English, however, are more national, and not so ready to admit the superiority of anything not itself English. Most Americans visiting Paris expect to lay in a supply of kid gloves, and they will be astonished to find the price so near what they have been accustomed to pay at home; the real French kid glove can be bought here perhaps 25 per cent. lower than with us, but not lower than what are called French gloves in the States; but no difference; it will not do to return without anything, and, if they must have something that is French, perhaps gloves will do as well as anything else.

They have not got the metropolitan underground railroads here as in London, or the elevated roads as in New York, but their streets are navigated by almost every con-

ceivable craft that can run on wheels, while on many streets they have the iron car rails, as with us; on others they run cars nearly as large as the common street car, with broad wheels and without any rails at all. These have steps at the sides, as have our open summer cars, and they carry, like the tramway cars of London, as many passengers on top as inside. This gives a good opportunity to see the city on a dry day; but this deck passage to-day is not desirable.

13.—This day was clear and pleasant, the first for nearly a week. A large party of tourists visited St. Cloud, or, as the French call it, *San Clue*—and Versailles. The former is no longer the resort of kings and emperors; its regal splendor has departed, and from present indications will never return. In 1871, when the Germans were about to take possession of Paris, this place was burnt by the French themselves, to prevent it from falling into the hands of their enemies. This was a great mistake, as the German army showed no disposition to destroy property, either public or private, and the place would have fared much better at their hands than in those of its friends. The parks and walks are still kept in fine condition. I was not aware that the horse-chestnut (*Æsculus Hippocastanum*) grew to such a height until I saw these stately old trees. The location gives a fine view of the city some five miles distant. It was here the legislative bodies of France once assembled, and here Napoleon held his courts in great splendor; but only the blackened walls of its palace are standing now, and it is questionable whether it will ever be rebuilt.

Versailles, some ten miles further away, is to Paris what Windsor is to London, though its grounds are more artistic. The *Boulevard de la Reine*, though not so long as the

seven miles' drive at Windsor, is more beautiful. The two rows of elm trees on either side are so planted and trimmed as to represent innumerable arches, for which the body of each tree serves as a column; the limbs are trained to form the arches, while the tops are so straight and compact as to represent a solid wall, on which it would seem one could almost walk. The shrubbery, fountains and all, are kept scrupulously neat, and the place is a fine resort, not only for strangers, but for Parisians, to spend a summer's day. Many of these were in the parks and walks admiring the scenery, and I noticed, a little distance away, quite a crowd that appeared to be much excited about something. On nearing the spot a large man was discovered lying on the concrete, while a well-dressed lady, who appeared to be English, was supporting his head on her knee. All seemed anxious to do something, though none could tell what. A call was made to know if there was any physician present, when a tall American from Tennessee, with whom an hour before I had had some conversation, and who had heard me addressed as doctor, was the means of pressing me into the service. I did not much like the appearance of the patient; he breathed heavily; his face was livid, his ears cold and purple, pulse full, slow, and irregular, with entire unconsciousness, and altogether the case resembled apoplexy more than epilepsy. With the aid of a chair and an overcoat, to support his head and shoulders, the lady was relieved from her uncomfortable position. I then asked if any one present had a tumbler, and one was given to me. I could see no reason why it should not hold water, although from the smell I should judge no one had ever tried it. A spoon was also furnished; and, as I happened to have a small medicine case for my own use in my pocket, I prepared a remedy in water, some of which I succeeded

in getting the patient to swallow. While I stood waiting for results a fussy Frenchman, who was acting as guide for a party, came up with a bottle of something which he proposed to have the sick man take, or, if he could not do so, give it to him by inhalation. I told him I had just given some medicine, but if he thought he could manage the case better than I could he might take charge of it, and so walked away. Soon afterwards he, with two companions, followed me and inquired if I were a physician. I replied that is my calling when at home. He asked me if I refused to attend the sick man. I told him it was impossible for me to take charge of the case, that the party to which I belonged was then waiting for me to join them and return to Paris; that I proposed leaving the city that evening, and in two days to sail for the United States; that if a physician was needed they should call one there. He said: "Then, sir, I would like to have your card." I told him I had no cards with me. He wanted to know if I proposed to let the man lie there and die. I told him he would not die, but if he were not better in half an hour to call some resident physician. At this he insisted on having my name and address. I had been very much annoyed by the fellow's impudence, but did not know what the laws of France might be in regard to physicians; perhaps I was liable to arrest, probably to fine and imprisonment, for refusing my services; possibly the two companions were witnesses, or might be officers; but in any event I did not like this fellow's impertinence; he seemed to want to scare or bluff me, and his insolent manner had got me into no very mild mood; and, when he so persistently demanded my name and address, I said, with about all the force I could muster: "*My name is Dr. C. Pearson; my address is No. 611 Twelfth street northwest, Washington, D. C., United States*

of America. If you wish anything of me let me know." "Thank you," said he, as he turned on his heel with a smile and walked off. It was not long, however, until I saw the patient all right, as well as my French friend, in carriages on their way to Paris.

The Royal Palace here contains one of the finest collections of modern paintings in Europe. They principally represent the various battles in the wars of the First Napoleon. Here, too, are the royal carriages and equipages that have conveyed all the French kings and emperors for past centuries. Some of these are gorgeous, and the gold mounting is kept bright as if it were new. But the "Republic" will probably not have much use for these, and it is a wonder they have so long escaped the Commune, who seem disposed to destroy everything kingly. Versailles is reached by carriages, by horse cars, and by steamers on the river Seine. This stream is wider than the Thames at London or the Tiber at Rome, but like the latter is not navigable except for boats of very light draught. But I must leave Paris. Weeks and months might be spent here, with many objects of interest still unseen. For variety of beauty, as yet no city on earth is its rival; but it remains for the western continent to furnish this, which it will do within the next century. But I am off to-night for Dieppe, London, Glasgow, and, better than all, for home.

14.—This morning the sun rose bright and clear over the waters of the English Channel. We had left Paris by rail, about eight o'clock in the evening, reached Dieppe about twelve, midnight, and by one A. M. were on board the steamer for New Haven; and what a change is observable in the past thirty minutes; no sooner have you set your foot on the steamer till everything is transformed; no more French,

all is English; if a word were not spoken you might know this by the twenty-five pound roast of beef on the table; this I made slightly lighter in a short time, as I had been pretty well starved for two months. There was not much sleep, however, as they laid you away on a shelf, one above another, like a hat-rack at a hotel. I had heard so much of this rough channel that I had learned to dread the trip, but on this occasion the water was as calm and still as an inland lake; the sail of about twelve hours was very pleasant, and the view, as we neared the chalky bluffs of old England, lovely. The fair day and the calm sea added much to the beauty, for a sea-sick passenger seldom sees beauty in anything; it may be there all the same, but he fails to appreciate it. So, if you "should praise the bridge that carries you safely over," in justice to the channel, I must say, I never had a more pleasant sail than when crossing it. By twelve o'clock, noon, we have passed the examination in the custom house, which here consists pretty much in making a chalk mark on your baggage. How is this? Can these officers detect a smuggler at sight? Can they, like a sailor, detect what kind of a craft is coming into port by its figure-head? If not, why do they scrutinize some luggage so closely, and pass others without a word? They were looking principally for spirits, tobacco and cigars, they said. I told them I never bought a cigar in my life, a plug of tobacco, or a pint of whisky; they concluded my breath was all right, and never opened my valise. The country from here to London contrasts finely with what you see on the continent; the neatly trimmed hedges, the cattle grazing without a tether or herdsmen, the farm houses, barns, and orchards, suggest the idea that by some mysterious means we have suddenly crossed the Atlantic, and are travelling over the prairies of the Western States;

for a well-cultivated prairie country has the appearance of a very old one; the absence of forests, stumps or trees is suggestive that many, many years have come and gone since the pioneers cleared these away, hence the similarity between a very old, and a comparatively new, prairie country. But the smoke and spires of London are soon visible, and why should they not be? How can you travel towards it one hour from any point in England, and not be within sight of it? Why not organize the whole island in the corporation and call it London? Paris is pretty much all there is to France. I spent the afternoon and evening very pleasantly in this *kingdom of London*, though it is about as near a republic as Paris, and called again to see my friend E. W. Berridge, M. D., by whom, and his estimable lady, I was so agreeably entertained during my stay in the city two months ago; and I take the liberty to suggest that should any of my readers visiting London stand in need of a physician, they cannot do better than to call on him at 48 Sussex Gardens, Hyde Park W. But I leave this great empire city for Glasgow to-night, and to-morrow hope to hear the "wild waves saying," "homeward bound." In bidding good-bye to this "fast-anchored isle," I can only say with one of her most thoughtful poets—

"England! with all thy faults I love thee still."

15.—Leaving London last night at eight o'clock, we had an all-night's ride to Glasgow, where we arrived at eight o'clock this morning in a dense fog, making it difficult to navigate the streets, much less the Clyde. This night-travelling in England, in a first-class coach, is a kind of cross between our day-cars and sleeping-coaches. If only two passengers are assigned to a compartment, and these

both ladies, or both gentlemen, they can lie at full length on the cushions, one on either side, not head first or feet foremost, but sidewise or across the rails, and a good tall man is about as long as the car is wide; in this way some sleep may be had, but it is very rare that so much room is at the disposal of passengers, and if there are three or four together, they must either sleep by turns or all sit up. In this instance there were three of us, two gentlemen and one lady, and we took our turns lying down, but with me it was more a rest than a sleep. Sleeping-coaches are not common in Europe, they are only found on some trains on certain roads, and the price of a berth is so great that few are disposed to pay it. The coaches on the same train are always graded 1st, 2d, and 3d, a card showing the class is posted on each, and the fare is governed by the class. The first class are intended to be what the name implies, the best. The seats in these cars are upholstered on the seat and back, and are spaced off for passengers, with arms between, somewhat like an easy-chair; these arms, however, are movable, and the whole seat by their removal may be converted into a kind of sofa or lounge, if so desired. The second class are more in the shape of benches cushioned only on the seats; the third class have bare wooden benches, with not much attention paid to cleanliness; still, for short distances, it is not unlikely that many persons often take advantage of the reduced rates. In all these cars the seats are so arranged that passengers sit facing each other, one-half of them being obliged to ride backwards.

Our ship, the *Anchoria*, sails from Greenock, 22 miles from Glasgow, this evening at five o'clock, and passengers go there by rail, as the state of the tide to-day will not admit vessels as heavy as the *Anchoria* to reach Glasgow; in this way some two hours of time are saved, even if the steamer was fortunate in getting safely down the Clyde.

So this is my last day in Europe, and, though I have formed some agreeable acquaintances, with whom I part with regret, and have seen much, both in nature and art, that was beautiful, the country itself I leave with no reluctance. It may be a law of our nature that, while the young may be easily fascinated by change and new scenes, those of more mature age are less disposed to exchange old for new homes. On the same principle, too, old countries adopt new customs much more slowly. There is a certain amount of courtesy due to age, and I therefore, very respectfully, bid this old country good-bye, extending, at the same time, a hearty invitation to its citizens, one and all, to call and see us; we can find homes for you all, feed and clothe you all, and, what is little less important, educate you all. But Greenock is reached. It was to this city, on that dark autumn day, when—

The gloomy night was gathering fast,

that Burns, after having written the last song he ever expected to compose in Scotland, had sent his trunk, preparatory to sailing for the West Indies, from which, however, he was dissuaded by his friend Cunningham, who saved him from a Scottish prison for debt, and saved him also to Scotland, and which caused him to exclaim, on the death of his friend—

Oh! why has worth so short a date?
While villains ripen gray with time,
Must thou, the noble, generous, great,
Fall in bold manhood's active prime?
Why did I live to see that day—
A day to me so full of woe?
O, had I met the mortal shaft
That laid my benefactor low!

In an old church-yard here, on the hillside overlooking the city and the Clyde, is the grave of his Highland Mary; this, to my regret, I am obliged to pass without stopping, as the setting sun and the dark cloud of smoke from the steamer in the frith, admonish me there is not time, and that in a few minutes more we will be again on the "rolling deep."

16.—This morning our vessel is lying-to off the north coast of Ireland; the day is calm, and the sea smoother than could well be expected, though there is no wind to make it otherwise. All day long we stay here, and the ride is as still and pleasant as in a sled without horses; some of the passengers went ashore in boats—perhaps to have it said they had been to Ireland; they brought back ivy from an old castle wall near the shore. I could see nothing in it, however, except ivy, and, as no history of the ruined castle was given, it did not appear sufficient inducement to me to carry the climber three thousand miles and then have it die.

At three o'clock a tug from Londonderry comes in loaded with Irish—most of them steerage passengers—for America; many are in families, and some have children so young that in thirty years from now, when they get on the police force in some of our cities, or become Members of Congress, the point may be raised as to whether they are Irish or Americans. No wonder they desire to take them to a country that presents so many inducements; but, from the way they appear to be emigrating, it would seem they have left nobody at home, and that soon it will be difficult to tell where Ireland is, if we may judge from where most Irishmen are. We have 65 saloon passengers on board, of whom one-half are Americans returning

home; there are also about 800 second-cabin and steerage passengers. The last rocky cliffs of "Auld Ireland" are fast fading from view, and the wide Atlantic lies before us, where, for many days, we shall be prisoners, entirely shut out from all the rest of the world; we shall hear nothing of what occurs on land, and no one will hear of us. When our vessel is due in New York its owners, and perhaps a few of our friends, will look for its arrival, but if it never comes, for a short time a slight commotion and ripple will appear on the mental surface, as on the ocean's bosom where our ship went down, but the equilibrium will again soon be established, the world move on as before, and it will be all the same a hundred years from now.

Many sails dot the horizon, looking like chandeliers hung from the sky. The evening is chilly; too cold for comfort on deck, but this appears to be the rule here; in fact, they report at Glasgow there have been but few warm days during the entire summer, and of over eighty days since leaving New York there have not been more than twenty that I have not been cold with winter clothing and heavy overcoat. I like cold weather in its season, and, if I am to freeze, would prefer to do so when such an occurrence might be expected, and not in the middle of summer.

17.—Day clear, with a high, cold wind; the sea is rough, and most of the passengers are sick. Some vessels appear to be steadier than others with the same sea, though this may be owing, in a great measure, to the direction of the wind and course of the ship; it is not surprising that ours is a little shaky, since it has 300 barrels of whiskey on board—enough certainly to make most things reel. The whistle is sounded a great deal to-day; don't know why; there seems to be nothing on the track, and there is no fog,

bridges, or tunnels; too cold to be on deck, so I stay below; have a strange genius for my room-mate, a young Scotchman, who has never been to sea before, and, I should think, nowhere else much, except at home; he is going to America to see his brother; he don't seem disposed to talk much; thinks his brother will not meet him in New York, but does not appear to know where he will see him; says he is in the West, but that is very indefinite; he will find the "West" to be a good-sized place by the time he looks over all of it for his brother. One Scotchman is returning to spend the remainder of his days in America; he once lived twenty years in this country, but concluded to return to his old home in Scotland, where, after staying for ten years, and finding himself discontented, has taken his final leave of the Eastern Continent, and has no desire to see it again; another had spent two years in the United States *prospecting* to see how he would like it; coming to the conclusion to make it his future home, he had gone back for his wife, and now she, with a number of their Scotch friends, are on their way westward. It is amusing to hear him tell stories about the country, which they do not seem to more than half believe; he is thoroughly Americanized, and it is surprising to think that only two years in the country has wrought such a contrast between him and his friends; they are all Scotch, and to them Scotland is everything; he is already two-thirds American, and full of zeal that he will soon show them a country that will surprise them, and I think he will.

18.—Dark and damp, with high, cold winds; the sea is rough, and our old ship rocks like a bird's nest on a bough; it rolls from side to side till the wheels miss the water, and rattle and crash as if everything was breaking to pieces,

which, together with the dashing of the waves and the roaring of the wind through the rigging, makes delightful music for a sick man to sleep by, and not one-third of the passengers are able to report at the table for meals. I am satisfied sea-sickness depends much on the state of the stomach before and soon after going on board. Passengers should eat a light diet and keep as quiet as possible; a cup of beef tea, quite hot, with crackers, and rest, together with the properly selected homœopathic remedies, will modify most cases and prevent many. All crude drugs and specifics are worse than useless. They are all indigestible; and nothing that is so, either as a medicine or diet, should ever be taken into the stomach even in health, much less in disease. Notwithstanding, almost every one, before going on board, supplies himself with a bottle of specific, and is sick all the same. In fact, the lucky man is most likely to be the one who forgets thus to provide himself.

A circumstance embracing this idea came under my observation a number of years ago: The friends of a young man who had been given up to die by his attending physician summoned me to his bedside, and while his father was giving a history of the case he stated, amongst other things, that the doctor had not been very attentive, that he often forgot to come. At this another son dryly remarked that that was all that kept his brother alive. So I am much inclined to think, forgetting the panacea is all that sometimes keeps passengers from being sea-sick. Take the advice of no one to walk or keep moving; you might as well stir a patient up who had the cholera; you will get motion enough; keep as still as the boat will let you.

19.—Still cold and disagreeable, not stormy, but the same high, cold wind. The sun comes out at times much

like a November day. The sea is still very heavy ; only a few passengers come to their meals. If the entire voyage continues so rough the ship's company will save a good thing in the way of provisions. It is unsafe to attempt to walk without support ; fortunately I have a large easy chair that is fastened to the floor, and consequently feel pretty safe, though I would feel much more so were I lashed fast to it with a girth or ropes ; as it is, it is tiresome to be obliged all the time to hold fast to its arms to prevent falling out. A lady in passing misses her hold on the door, and brings up on my knee, but the next minute she is piled up on the cabin floor ten feet away. I did not assist her in going there, though I was not sorry her stay with me was so short. Another falls off her lounge and goes rolling over the floor like a thistle-down. An old gentleman suddenly finds he has urgent business on the opposite side of the boat, where he goes with such force as to break his nose against the wall. The doctor is called to mend the injury and stop the bleeding. Another for safety seats himself on the floor supported by a post ; a gentleman attempts to assist a lady and both fall over him. Of course, the laugh only comes from the very few who feel like it, for laughing is not indulged in to any great extent. If photographs of the passengers could be taken just now they would look as serious as portraits by the "old masters." I see no cause but the direction of the wind, and the ship, for this tossing, as there is no storm ; but old Neptune is evidently disturbed about something ; hope he will calm down soon, for our ship seems as though it would go over on its side, and who cares if it does ? This feeling of indifference is characteristic of sea-sickness. The porter asks a gentleman whose boots he has just polished what he shall do with them. "Do!" says the sick man, "fling them overboard, I'll never need them again."

20.—Last night and to-day have been, if possible, rougher than any of the voyage so far, and there appears to be no prospect of its being any better soon. It is impossible to sleep, as it is difficult to stay in our bunks at all. No one thinks of going on deck. The waves dash over the sides of the vessel and darken the windows. We have now been five days out, and are only about one-third of the distance over; but it is hard to see how the ship can make better headway in such a sea; besides, we suffer from cold, the heaviest winter clothing fails to keep us warm, and there is no fire except in the cook-room, where no one is permitted to go. The bed-clothing feels as if packed on ice. It is safe to say two-thirds of the passengers are sick and the rest cross, while some have got badly hurt from falling. During the day I still retained "my old arm chair," and suffer more from cold, loss of sleep and appetite, than anything else. The Irishman who rang the bell to waken himself might perhaps hold himself in his bunk and sleep, but I can't. It seems to me that a hammock would be altogether better than these stationary berths. I would as leave be wrapped up in a blanket and hung up on a hook, or have my feet tied like a chicken and carried with my head down. You are pitched into every position, at any rate, and don't retain any one long enough to get to sleep. When I lie down I do so with all my clothing, even with my overcoat on, though I do take off my hat and boots. If any one fancies he would like this kind of thing he can have my place for a first-class ticket on a coal cart behind a hungry mule on the home stretch over a cobble-stone pavement.

21.—Last night about eleven o'clock the engine suddenly stopped, and the ship was drifting. I laid still for half an hour trying to assign a cause. In travelling on steamers

on our western rivers, whenever the engine stopped and was reversed, we always knew we had struck a bar, or that some one was overboard, and I thought if we were aground, the ship would certainly go to pieces. Was it leaking or on fire? I could detect no smoke, or any increase of heat, for my state-room was still as cold as an iceberg; many very *agreeable* conjectures of this kind passed through my mind; my room-mate is quietly sleeping, I conclude not to waken him; if we are going to the bottom, I envy his unconsciousness. Not feeling particularly sleepy just at that time, I got up and found most of the passengers out, some had been on deck and reported that we had had a collision, our vessel had struck another, cutting it in two, and sinking it with all on board. The excitement was intense, and many were cured of sea-sickness as if by magic, as they had been unable to leave their rooms for over a week. Talk about your faith doctors, this discounts them all. What kind of craft this was, or how many were on board, no one could tell; a cry was heard for help, that they were sinking; the rough sea and the darkness made the task of lowering the life boats very difficult, and though this was eventually done, I do not think any sailor who went out ever expected to return alive; a thorough search was made, but not a trace except a piece of spar could be found. In a few minutes all was over, and nothing could be heard but the sighing of the winds through the rigging, and the dashing of the breakers where—

The death angel flapped his broad wings o'er the wave.

Whether it be from law, custom, or humanity, under such circumstances, we are obliged to stay here, or as near the spot as the winds and waves will let us, till daylight, to see if anything further may be learned; but the morning re-

vealed nothing; a large hole had been stove in our ship into which the water poured, but as these chambers are water-tight, it could not reach any other part of the vessel; and this was all that saved us from sharing the fate of the others; the inventor of these water-tight chambers in all large steamers should have a monument erected to his memory, and I think to-day, and on our ship, would be a good time and place to start a subscription for this purpose.

By eight o'clock we are again on our way, but making slow progress against a head wind and heavy sea. The sailors are turning the accident to their account, and are working it for all it is worth; they have drawn a chalk mark across the deck, and any passenger who desires to see the hole in the bow of the vessel can walk forward without any trouble, but when he returns he is not permitted to cross this line without paying a shilling, the only instance I have ever known where the pay was not required before seeing the show; but they have it their own way here, and there is no help for it. I do not think the sight worth the fee, and therefore save my shilling. It is fearfully grand to see these mad breakers foam, and dash their white heads into spray; I admire nature in her wildness, but believe I prefer burning or ice-clad mountains to this ever restless deep, unless I could view it from some hill top where there would be less danger of getting wet.

22.—After another fearful night the sun rose bright and clear this morning, and we congratulated ourselves that we had seen the worst of the voyage, but the wind kept up and the sea was heavy; towards night it began to rain, and the wind increased; we have now been out one week, and are only about half way over. I had always dreaded a

storm at sea, but find it unnecessary that a storm should exist, in order to insure a rough passage. The truth is, to be angry and fretful, is old ocean's normal condition, and when it is not so, it is not healthy, and one of its worst traits is that when it gets in a fury, it never knows when to calm down again; very few vessels are to be seen to-day, perhaps we are the only fools out, as people have a dread of the sea during the equinox, though the steamers make their regular trips all the same, when they don't go down, though the officers say they notice very little difference in regard to seasons; still, as a rule, they are superstitious enough to never leave port on a Friday, and while there is no sense, or reason in this, there may be much of both in reference to this time in September. We have only run one hundred and fifty miles in the past twenty-four hours, about one-half of what we should have done. Still, there is no help for us, we can't get out and walk as we used to do with the old Swiss diligences. Another rough night is threatened; sleep is much in demand, with but little in the market, and that of a very inferior quality.

23.—“How are you feeling to-day?” has been the general question for the past week, and while some answer “better,” very few can say “all right,” for if they are improving physically, mentally they are far from serene, for the wind still blows a gale, and lashes the sea into fury; there appears to be no cessation, day or night; if it would only let up a few hours for us to sleep we could endure it better, but who can sleep, being rolled, tumbled and tossed every minute. For the first time for five days I go on deck to take a look at the situation, but the whistling of the wind through the rigging, the roar and dash of the breakers, and the rolling and dipping of the ship, soon

compel me to retire in disgust. The weather is much colder than yesterday, and, although we have made better time (one hundred and ninety miles), we are still hundreds of miles behind time, and, at best, must be two or three days late in getting into port, if indeed we ever do, and the unanimous verdict amongst the passengers seems to be that, in any event, this will be their last trip on the ocean; if the old ship does survive the company will be obliged to buy a new supply of dishes, for almost everything movable is being dashed to pieces; the guards on the tables are not sufficient; plates, cups, and goblets go crashing over them, and it is not so much a matter of taste as a question of doubt as to whether you will be thrown onto the table or have its contents thrown onto you, and it requires a better appetite than most of us possess to see any attraction in the table at all.

24.—Though the wind is still high and cold, and the sea rough, this is a decided improvement over any day for the past week or more; we still have over a thousand miles to go, but we have made 238 in the past twenty-four hours, which is the best run, with one exception, since starting. We are now passing the banks of Newfoundland, and hope soon to see fairer and warmer weather. What causes the peculiar bluish-green appearance of the water over these banks? Sailors say they notice this change whenever they approach them. Is it because the depth is not so great? There certainly can be no difference in the water itself, though it, in color, resembles more a fresh-water lake than the ocean. Some of the passengers try to make themselves comfortable on deck, but it requires all the winter clothing and wraps they can command; for my own part, I am cold in the drawing-room, with over-

coat and winter gloves on, and I would advise any one who may contemplate making this journey to pay no attention to the season of the year, but to dress for mid-winter and a temperature twenty degrees below zero—no fears of the heat; and there is one consolation—we are not troubled with mosquitos. A few of Mother Carey's chickens are to be seen. What a strange bird? They seem to require no land, but live entirely on what they find in the water, on which they float like a chip; but whether they rest most on the wing or on the billow, who can tell? This is the "Stormy Petrel;" the sailors say it rarely lights on the water, except when a storm is to be apprehended; they are on the water to-day; hope this is not indicative of any greater storm than we have been having; should think the sea was rough enough already to satisfy them; though they appear to enjoy this rocking, they are entirely welcome to all my interest in it.

25.—One fair day at last; the wind has abated, the sun is out, and so are the passengers, enjoying the *scenery*, which principally consists of the steamer Anchoria, the sun, sky, and water; it only takes a few minutes to see these, and as we had seen them all before, except the warm sunshine and smooth sea, we appreciate these. We have made over 300 miles in the past twenty-four hours, and begin to talk of getting home in three days more; the sailors put up all the canvas, and the wind is in our favour; no sails in sight to-day, but a piece of timber floats by that has the appearance of having belonged to a vessel of some kind that may have gone down in the wide expanse of waters. How many have thus perished within the past ten days, time only can determine, or how many friends at home are patiently waiting their return, and wondering at

the delay; a wife, perhaps, may look in vain o'er the watery waste for a husband's coming; a mother mingle her sighs with the moaning of the sea, as she dreams away the weary hours of suspense, for a loved one's return, but—

Days, months, years, and ages will circle away,
And still the deep water above him will roll;
Earth loses his image forever and aye—
Oh! sailor boy, sailor boy, peace to thy soul.

26.—Another fair day, though the wind is ahead, and in consequence our progress is slower, only 192 miles since yesterday, and we are now making less than twelve miles an hour; but we will not complain of the speed, or the fact that we are so far behind time, but rather rejoice that we are doing so well after our rough experience, and, as the weather is so pleasant, we get together on deck and have readings and songs. Near the drawing-room door is posted the following—

NOTICE.

“There will be an entertainment this evening at 8 o'clock in the music room for the benefit of the “Life Boat.” All are invited. Then follows a programme with the following names for readings, recitations, music, vocal and instrumental: Mr. Olandt, Mr. MacDougal, Mr. Croffut, Dr. Pearson, Mr. Baer, Mr. Donald, Mr. Sweeney, Misses McClain, Swan, and Moul.” No admission fee is required, but each one is requested to contribute something towards the Life-Saving Service; and if there be any cause in the world that deserves assistance it is this. We do not expect a very large crowd or a great rush for reserved seats, notwithstanding the low price of admission. No notice of the

meeting has been given through the papers, and even our near neighbors, the steerage passengers, will not be likely to be present, except on the outside, where they can look through the windows; but we are obliged to call on a young Scotchman of the second cabin to assist with his violin, on which he is quite an expert. He is carrying it with him to America, as he probably thinks there is no such instrument there.

27.—Our entertainment last night was quite a success. But did you ever attempt to read to, or address an audience on ship-board when the sea was rough and the vessel rolling, and were your gestures always graceful? They were probably more natural than graceful, and dependent much on the character you wished to represent. Still, I do not believe these vessels have a bar on board where liquors are sold. If they have I never saw one, or any sign of drinking. A good sum was realized for the life-boat service, which it seems in Europe is supported mainly by contributions and donations. Hope our mite may assist in some degree those daring fellows who brave the perils of the deep to save the lives of others. The fog last night and to-day is against us; still, we have made 290 miles in the last twenty-four hours ending at noon to-day, and are still 278 miles from our destination, which we expect to reach to-morrow afternoon. Passengers are busy writing letters to papers and friends, probably describing their rough passage and narrow escape. Some who had crossed the ocean seven times say they never experienced such a passage as this, and who a few days ago declared if they got through this time in safety would never be tempted to try it again; but they feel better now, and in all probability it will not be many years until their names will be again registered in Paris.

28.—Morning clear, but wind high and sea rough, and to such an extent that some of the passengers have a return of their old comforter, sea-sickness. At ten o'clock the captain tells us we can see land, and if we cannot it is not because we do not want to; of course, we are willing to admit it is in sight, but it takes a good amount of imagination to perceive it. An hour or two later, however, the coast comes full in view, and except on the night of the disaster, when sick men and women run up on deck, there was probably never seen a more potent and permanent cure of any disease of thirteen days' duration.

We reach New York at 2 o'clock P. M., and as the revenue officers meet us out in the bay we get the first information of President Garfield's death, though I predicted this while at Rome, on the 12th of August. On reading despatches published in the London Times that the parotid glands were swelling, I knew, with the treatment he was receiving, that his death was only a matter of time. In crossing the ~~city~~^{river} from Jersey City our boat collides with another. I wonder if these collisions will cease when I cease to travel. I arrived at Washington at 11 o'clock P. M. Glad I had gone, glad I had returned. Should any one ask my opinion of the trip as a sanitary measure I can only say, "Try it." For my own part, I returned fourteen pounds lighter in weight and about 160 *pounds* lighter in pocket. Twain says he never came so near dying as he did three days he was resting, and this kind of travelling for health would, I think, in about one year, render me for all time to come proof to all diseases; but perhaps I am so thoroughly American as to only thrive, like Ireland's shamrock, on my own soil.



LIFE'S STORMS ARE USEFUL.

Life's storms are useful. Tell me not
That labour's only for the menial;
That nature in her plans forgot
To make our lives and toil congenial.
The winds that o'er the prairie sweep
May bend to earth the tender flower,
But, striking out its roots more deep,
'Twill upward towards the sunlight tower

Life's storms are useful. Thus the night
Precedes the bright and rosy morning;
Adversity may sometimes blight,
But oftener serves as guide or warning.
The ship that floats without a breeze
Is always slow to cross the ocean;
The passive mind in constant ease
Grows weak; it needs a healthful motion.

Life's storms are useful. Few can tell
What they can do till called to do it;
We'll say you like a soldier fell,
Or praise you if you battle through it.
I hate the coward, who dreads to meet
The storms that rise across life's billow,
But seeks some low, obscure retreat
To rest on sloth's inactive pillow.

Life's storms are useful. Blood must mark
The track of war's wide desolation,
But in its wake, though sad and dark,
Millions may find emancipation;
There must be strife when error dies,
Or if truth would triumph o'er it;
But coming ages give the prize
To daring minds who bravely bore it.

The foregoing lines were composed some years before the
author had had any experience with the storms of ocean;

and, while these may have their utility, it is sometimes rather difficult to see just where it comes in. As a rule, it is probably true that—

The ship that floats without a breeze
Is always slow to cross the ocean.

It depends much on the direction of the wind and the amount of steam power on board; if the latter is deficient, then the former is the more necessary.

Men, however, unlike vessels, are too often disposed to raise what little steam they possess from other agents than water. This is always hazardous, and can never supply the place of native energy; but where this is weak or inactive, then the adverse winds or storms of life seem essential. Success in life, like an ocean voyage, requires perseverance and energy, for the mind is naturally lazy, and will rest and grow weak in consequence, if not sometimes taxed to its utmost and often compelled to do its best.

